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HORSE RACING.

Origin and consequences of horse racing—Unsubstantial arguments against its continuance—Games of chance intimately connected with the turf—Cruelty not necessary to horse racing—Places where celebrated—Greatly increased in Ireland—The turf in foreign countries—Publications and rules in horse racing—The jockey club—Tattersal's.

I HAVE already, in the history of the horse, deduced the origin of horse racing from the Olympic games of ancient Greece, stating the particulars of difference between the ancient and modern practices, with the use and progress of a regular racing system in this country. This has gradually increased with our increasing national wealth and prosperity, to which indeed, it has, in no small degree, contributed, by the improvement of our breed of horses, to a height of excellence hitherto unattained in any other part of the world.

It has, at every period, been fashionable with that class of moralists, which is more rigid than correct, to draw arguments from the abuse, against the use of horse racing; and as a powerful auxiliary, they have, of late years, advanced the position, that our breed of horses having received all that improvement of which it is susceptible from the blood horse, the farther propagation of the latter, is not only useless, but absolutely harmful, as tending to a diminution of the size and strength, in consequence to the general degeneration of the English breed. But neither our liberal moralists, nor our breeders of horses, have hitherto appeared disposed to coincide with those logicians, whence horse racing, instead of being laid aside, is, at the present moment, a diversion equally in favour with the people, as at any former period, and upon a far more extensive scale; and racing blood more than ever diffused in the breed of English horses.

But the use which inexperienced persons propose to derive from the racing breed, would soon destroy itself. They would have horse racing abolished, and the horses applied generally as stallions. In racing, the necessity for thorough blood is obvious and imperative, and such is a sure ground of its preservation. No such necessity ex-

ists, or is supposed to exist, of purity of blood for common purposes, whence, on the proposed plan it is most probable that glorious and matchless species, the thorough bred courser, would, in no great length of time become extinct in this country, and his place be supplied by a gross, ill-shaped, or spider-legged mongrel, which would ensure the degeneration of the whole race. Nor would constant importations from the south avail us, since the desired perfections must be obtained from the remote and skilfully improved, seldom from the immediate descendants of the southern horse.

On the connection of games of chance with the horse course, it is perfectly useless to declaim, since they are a natural concomitant, indissolubly blended with a sport, which seems destined to interest the passions of a portion of the higher classes. In fact, to take away from the turf its pecuniary interest, were that possible, would be to deprive it of one of its greatest attractions, and most powerful spurs to emulation. All that seems practicable, as in other cases of legitimate gratification, is temperately to enjoin caution, and deprecate excess. As to those who will take the desperate leap, their luck, good or bad, be upon their own head. But however peculiar the sports of the turf are to this country, the business of training race horses, or the practice of wagering upon their success, have never been, in any degree, prevalent among the people, who, although generally attached to the sport, are content to be mere spectators. Turf concerns have indeed, always been confined to a minority, even of the upper ranks. Our common declaimers against the cruelty of the turf, and of horse matches, are generally well meaning, but ignorant, even of what themselves would desire. Not that cruelties, and gross ones, have not, and do not, exist, in horse racing, but that they are not necessarily linked thereto, and that when they do occur, they are to be attributed to ignorance and vice, which tarnish and disgrace that which is in itself a fair and noble sport. The barbarities at this hour committed upon horses in the common business of life, are a thousand fold greater than any which ever took place upon the course, in the most barbarous times, and yet those pass unheeded by many who are the loudest in decrying the cruelty of horse matching. If Thames street, the post roads, and the theatre of the labours of those exquisite objects of misery, worn-out horses sold to slaughter, could be reformed, we might very well compromise our feelings and our solicitude on the score of trotting and galloping matches.

By a reference to the Racing Calendar, it appears, that horse races are held annually, or oftener, at about four-score different places in England, exclusive of New Market, where are seven annual meetings, namely, the Craven, the First and Second Spring, the July, the First

and Second October, and the Houghton meeting. The sport at New Market generally commences on Monday, and continues until the following Thursday, Friday, or Saturday, and races are determined by a single heat; in some respects, indeed, as matter of necessity, where so much business is to be dispatched. There are nineteen Royal Plates given in England.

In Wales, horse races are annually celebrated in five different places. In Scotland, six places enjoy that privilege; in Ireland, thirteen. There are two Royal Plates given in Scotland, and ten in Ireland, exclusive of a Plate of one hundred guineas, given by the Lord Lieutenant. Seven of the Royal Plates are run for over the Kurragh of Kildare. In Ireland, the number of race courses have nearly doubled within the last thirty years, in consequence, the breed of running horses must have increased. The same may be said of Scotland and Wales, but in an inferior degree; indeed, few traces now exist, of that excessive attachment to the horse course, which several centuries past prevailed among the Scots.

In the United States of America, the inhabitants are sufficiently inclined to this sport, and have, for the space of many years, been in the habit of importing horses from this country; but they do not yet appear to have made any progress in establishing a thorough racing breed. Our East and West India colonies have either occasional or regular horse races, but the heat of those climates must be unfriendly to the sport. In Italy, the turf is burlesqued by races with small horses in the street, without riders; and this folly is attended with a degree of cruelty; bats stuck full with sharp goads, being attached to the rump of the animals, which suffer constant strokes of the goad from their motion. The noblesse of France, before the revolution, shewed a strong inclination to introduce the sports of the turf into their country, and to raise a breed of race horses, from English stock; something of this kind has occasionally appeared since, but without any sort of demonstration that the subject is at all understood there. Jockeyship is not among the sciences to be acquired in Veterinary schools and colleges. Nor do the French seem, hitherto, notwithstanding the great encouragement held out by their government, to have worked any considerable improvement in their breed of horses, since we are informed, that, at a late prize-show, few or none could be found, out of a great number of colts, worthy of a premium. It remains to be seen, what effect may be produced by the revival of French horse coursing over the *Champ de Mars*, where fifty pound plates were to be run for, in October of the present year, 1807. At any rate, the Parisian youth of fashion seem to evince such a taste, by exercising their nags twice a day, in light saddles, *a l'Anglaise*, sin-

gle bridles of the most simple form, and in Ashley's boots, who is not only employed by the Emperor, but also the crack-boot maker of Paris. Let us hail this symptom of returning passion in the French, for a British sport.

With respect to that peculiar species of the horse, which is the subject of the present section, the thorough bred racer, he is to be found indigenous in no part of the European continent, excepting the British islands; and with respect to the famous breeds of Asia and Africa, they can scarcely, in their original state, be deemed racers, although their immediate descendants, nurtured in a foreign land, prove such.

The people of this country, in general, it has been observed, do not possess much information respecting the business of the turf; in fact, few persons attend the New Market meetings, excepting the sporting gentlemen, and their attendants; it may be therefore necessary to state the following particulars, for the use of the curious, and of foreigners, who, on the return of that greatest of all blessings, peace, may honour these pages with their attention, and the British turf with their presence.

A very correct detailed account of racing transactions, comprising dates of the races in Great Britain and Ireland, and occasionally abroad, numbers and descriptions of the horses, names of the proprietors, value of the prizes, rate of betting, account of stallions advertised to cover, and of horses to be sold, has been annually published, for almost a century past, in the Racing Calendar. To this Calendar, published by Messrs. Weatherby, Oxendon street, London, any person may become a subscriber, on which he will receive to his address, a monthly account of all races during the season, and at the conclusion of each, a handsome bound volume, with his name in the list of subscribers. Mr. Pick also publishes a similar annual volume, at York.

The Racing Calendar contains beside, an abstract of acts of parliament, relative to horse racing—duty on horses—king's plate articles, and form of a certificate of a king's plate won—table of weights to be carried by horses which run for a give-and-take plate—rules and orders of the jockey club—rules concerning horse racing in general, with a description of a post and handicap match—the colours worn by the riders of the chief sporting gentlemen, and an account of the various courses at New Market, with their exact lengths; these are about twenty in number; their lengths from two furlongs, one hundred forty-seven yards, the yearling course, to four miles, one furlong, one hundred thirty-eight yards, the famous BEACON COURSE, the longest now in use at New Market, the grand test of stoutness or game in horses, and upon which, none on earth, but the British or Irish horse, can shew his head.

According to the usage of the turf, horses take their ages from May day. Two hundred and forty yards make a distance; that is to say, a horse such a distance behind the winners, is excluded in the case of heats. Four inches make a hand; fourteen pounds the stone, horseman's weight.

The particular concerns of races are transacted by stewards, gentlemen elected to that office, and by clerks of the course; the general business of the turf is superintended by the jockey club, by which all sporting regulations are made, and all disputes finally decided. This club holds its chief meetings at New Market, the great metropolis of the course. It has always consisted of men of the most exalted rank in this country, and their connections and associates, none other ever finding admission. The jockey club, as a public body, has ever maintained the highest character for honour and impartiality of decision, which, indeed, their elevated rank in life ought to imply.

Much useful information, in respect to betting and matching, will be found in the volume of the Racing Calendar. The general rendezvous for betting upon the various races, is at the Subscription Room, at Tattersal's Repository, Hyde-Park-Corner. On some particular occasions, the sporting circle has been widely extended, and almost the public itself interested: the two most prominent instances of this kind, within my memory, were the far-famed match of Laburnum and Fleacatcher, almost thirty years since, and that of Diamond and Hambletonian, a few years past. On each of those races immense sums were betted in London.

[*Lawrence on the Horse.*

COMPARATIVE RACES IN MODERN DAYS.

MR. EDITOR:

Washington, May, 1830.

A comparison of our best races in modern days, both for speed and bottom, as ascertained by time, and more in extenso than a similar article in your sixth number, has been suggested by the good running this spring, at the South and North. While reviewing *our* achievements on the turf, it would be well to recollect the English adage, that "horses that can run four miles in eight minutes will win plates." Though none but first rate horses have run in the best time and repeated well the heats, it does not follow that the best horses have made the best races;—neither Eclipse, Highflyer, nor Sir Peter, (no better horses ever started in England) nor Leviathan, Florizel, nor Sir Archy, (decidedly among the best that have run in America) ever run a race that is remembered to have been remarkable for time; when in order they so far surpassed all competitors, that they were rarely put to their speed, if at all; and never ran from the score, as in the instance of American Eclipse, in his match with Henry.—Besides competition, speedy races must greatly depend on the course, the weather, the mode of running, and various other incidents. Expectation has frequently

been disappointed when there were the best grounds for expecting a quick race, as in the match between Flirtilla and Ariel—they in prime order, on the *Union Course*, *too*, in its best state, and the day cool—yet they ran under the circumstances a slow race. In this comparison the *relative* advantages for speed of the Union Course, those at Norfolk, Broad Rock, Petersburg, Charleston, Washington City, and *lastly* Tree Hill, near Richmond, should always be borne in mind. Time is often disregarded, and in that way the tradition of many of our best races may have been lost; and as often there may have been mistakes as to its correctness; but of the examples here given there is little or no mistake, either as to time or distance, the greatest accuracy having been observed in regard to both.

To a few of our best races, of which we have no record as to time, or such as cannot be implicitly relied on, it may be well to advert; presuming from the famed speed of the competitors, and their severe and close competition, that the time must have been good when rare *bottom* is said to have been exhibited.

For example; gr. g. Leviathan, 8 years old, by The Flag of Truce, at Tappahannock, Va. in 1801, beat Brimmer* a match of *five miles*, carrying 180 lbs. to 90 or 100. A very severe and close race, won by the head only. At the time regarded as the most remarkable race run in Virginia.

No. 9 of your Register, notices a race, four mile heats, run at Annapolis in 1771, when the celebrated Nancy Bywell, by Matchem, in three heats, beat the famed Regulus, Selim, Apollo, and other of the most noted horses of that period, so celebrated for their good performances.

C. h. Selim,† over the Philadelphia Course, in a match with Britton, a few years before, ran the four mile heats (377 yards less than four miles,) in 7 min. 56 sec. No mention of weight; but 12 st. or 168 lbs. being the weight for the Royal plates of that period for 6 year olds, and 140 lbs. the jockey club weight for aged horses in 1767 at Philadelphia, it is presumed they did not carry less. The course rather heavy; the running was about 41 ft. 8 in. in a second—weight 140 lbs.

*The Brimmer beat by Leviathan, was not Col. Goode's Brimmer. An old correspondent is of opinion, that Leviathan could not have beat him with *equal* weights, much less with 180 to 100.

The Brimmer here mentioned, was a small nag that used to run matches, carrying a feather against a heavy weight, agreed on. And in these matches few horses could beat him. G.

† Selim was raised at Belle Air, by Col. Tasker; and True Britton, (I believe) by Mr. Gantt. But I cannot speak positively. I recollect to have seen in one of your "Farmers" that True Britton was either the son or brother of Gantt's Milley. Milley was imported, and Othello (sire of True Britton) was imported. Hence, his name, *True Britton*: His sire and dam being imported. He must have stood in Anne Arundel, or Prince George's. I never saw True Britton, but well remember some of his colts; Mr. Welsh's *Mad Tom*; Mr. Joseph Gallaway's *Britton*; C. Duvall's *Little Britton*; and Mr. Brashear's bay gelding. They were all geldings, and none of them full bred. Few horses were better than *Mad Tom* in a single heat of two or three miles: he did not repeat well. G.

C. h. Selim, 8 years old, carrying 140 lbs. won the jockey club purse, 100 guineas, at Philadelphia in 1767, running the four mile heats, beating Old England, Granby and Northumberland. The first heat 8 min. 2 sec. In the second heat Old England, his chief competitor, bolted.

We also learn, that at Marlboro' in 1768, Selim being out of order, was beat by the celebrated Figure; but afterwards, *at thirteen years old*, Selim beat the celebrated Silver Legs, nine years old, at Annapolis.

Of the famous matches between Gimcrack and Belle Air, *three* four mile heats, at Richmond in 1792, or between Virago and Virginia Nell, four mile heats, at Port Royal in 1796;—and of the various distinguished races by Nantoiki, Calypso, Leviathan, Fairy, First Consul, Post Boy, Hickory, Florizel, Potomac, Maid of the Oaks, Sir Archy, Duroc, Hampton, &c. &c. we have little or no account *as to time*, on which to rely. It is also to be regretted, that we can no longer make a fair comparison between the English and our races by time;—that test seems to be almost wholly overlooked in England;—their great races, the St. Leger at Doncaster, Derby at Epsom, at Ascot Heath, &c. being of irregular distances, from three-fourths of a mile to a mile and a half, or thereabouts. Four mile heats, even over the Beacon Course at New Market, being nearly exploded. To this country we must look chiefly *for bottom*, of which the following will serve as examples;—but we have again to regret not having the record of time of the two first.

Ch. c. Hamlinian, 4 years old, by Diomed, at Fredericksburg, October, 1804, won the jockey club purse, four mile heats, *in four heats*, beating Peace Maker, Zantippe, and others. B. m. Maria, by Bay Yankee, at Fairfield, in 1810, won the jockey club purse, four mile heats, *in five heats*, beating Sir. Alfred, 4 years old, by Sir Harry, Duroc, 4 years old, by Diomed, Malvina, and others. The two first were dead heats between Sir Alfred and Duroc; Sir Alfred won the third.

Celebrated four mile heats, according to time.

1. gr. f. Betsey Ransom,* *three years old*, by Virginian, won the jockey club purse, four mile heats, at Norfolk, Oct. 1827, beating Pirate, winner of the first heat, and two others, *in three heats*, running the twelve miles in 23 m. 45 s.

Time, 1st heat, 7 m. 50 s.—2d heat, 7 m. 45 s.—3d heat, 7 m. 50 s.

2. ch. h. American Eclipse, 9 years old, by Duroc, in a match four mile heats, over the Union Course, Long Island, for \$20,000, a side, May, 1823, beat ch. c. Henry, four years old, by Sir Archy, carrying 103 lbs. in three heats, running the twelve miles in 23 m. 50 s. First heat won by Henry.

Time, 1st heat, 7 m. 37 s.—2d heat, 7 m. 49.—3d heat, 8 m. 24 s.

3. b. c. Sir Solomon, *three years old*, by Tickle Toby, in a match, four mile heats, over the course at Norfolk, Nov. 1808, with ease beat Gallatin. Time, 7 m. 44 s.—7 m. 49 s.

* Both at the Union Course and Baltimore, *within three weeks*, (embracing her race at Norfolk,) Betsey Ransom had distanced the field, (Count Piper and other good horses) four mile heats; but shortly after, was beat by Sally Walker, four mile heats.

4. br. h. Sir Hal, 5 years old, by Sir Harry, won the jockey club purse, four mile heats, at Broad Rock, Oct. 1814, beating Cup bearer, who broke down in the first heat.—7 m. 40 s. B. g. Cup Bearer, by Florizel, in the spring had beat Sir Hal, in three four mile heats, at Fairfield, Sir Hal having won the first heat in 7 m. 52 s.
5. b. h. Oscar, 6 years old, by Gabriel, won a match race, four mile heats, near Baltimore, Oct. 1806, beating First Consul. The course a little less than a mile.—7 m. 40 s.—the best heat; of the other no record, but, from the known bottom of both, presumed to be in good time.

It is a curious fact, that *each* of the winning horses in the above five races, besides Henry and Cup Bearer, partook largely of the Medley blood, though no two were by the same horse.

6. ch. m. Floretta, 6 years old, by Spread Eagle, won the jockey club purse, four mile heats, at Washington, Oct. 1806, beating in three heats, Top Gallant, (winner of the first heat*) Oscar, First Consul, and others—running the twelve miles in *about* 23 m. 55 s. We have no exact record of the first and third heats, said to be scarce two seconds in either instance above 3 m.; but the second heat, the best four mile heat over the Washington course, was run in 7 m. 52 s.

This race was run the week after Oscar's match near Baltimore, the last one he run with reputation;—he had twice beat Floretta, two and four mile heats.

7. ch. f. Janette, 4 years old, by Sir Archy, Oct. 1827, over the Union Course, won with ease the jockey club purse, four mile heats, beating Mark Time and American Boy.

Time, 1st heat, 7 m. 47 s.—the two first miles 3 m. 50 s.

8. b. m. Betsey Richards, 5 years old, by Sir Archy, May, 1823, over the Union Course, won with ease the jockey club purse, four mile heats, beating Cock of the Rock. Time, 7 m. 51 s.

9. b. m. Polly Hopkins, 5 years old, by Virginian, May, 1830, over the Norfolk Course, won with ease the jockey club purse, four mile heats, beating Gabriella and Sally Hornet. Thermometer at 90. Time, 7 m. 51 s.

10. ch. h. Eclipse, 8 years old, by Duroc, May, 1822, over the Union Course, beat Sir Walter, for the jockey club purse, four mile heats. Time, 7 m. 52 s.

11. b. f. Transport, 4 years old, by Americus, Feb. 1817, over the Charleston, S. C. Course, won the jockey club purse, four mile heats, beating Merino Ewe, Little John, Maria, and others.

Time, 7 m. 54 s.—7 m. 58 s.

12. ch. c. Henry, 4 years old, by Sir Archy, May, 1823, at New Market, for the jockey club purse, four mile heats, beat Betsey Richards.

Time, 7 m. 54 s.—7 m. 58 s.

* There is certainly an error in the *time*, as to the first and third heats. The writer observes, that there was *no exact record* of the time in which these heats were run. The second heat was said to have been run in 7 m. 52 s. Dr. Thornton, one of the judges, told me that even as to the second heat, there was an error: which he discovered by examining his watch, and trying it by Mr. Jefferson's chronometer on the same day.

13. b. c. John Richards, 4 years old, by Sir Archy, Oct. 1823, at New Market, for the jockey club purse, four mile heats, beat Betsey Richards, a close race, winning *the second heat* by a length, in 7 m. 58 s. 'The two first miles of the first heat were unusually slow, but the two last were run in 3 m. 48 s.

14. b. f. Betsey Robinson, 4 years old, by Thaddeus, Oct. 1825, *at Tree Hill*, for the jockey club purse, four mile heats, in three heats beat Phillis, 4 years old, by Sir Archy, (who won the second heat) John Richards, Marion, and two others—a very close race.
Time, 7 m. 59 s.—7 m. 56 s.—8 m. 44 s.

15. br. h. Sir Hal, 6 years old, by Sir Harry, Oct. 1815, at New Market, for the jockey club purse, four mile heats, beat Merino Ewe, Director, and others. Time, 8 m.—7 m. 56 s.

16. Monsieur Tonson, 4 years old, by Pacolet, 30th Nov. 1826, at Boydton, for the jockey club purse, four mile heats, beat Sally Walker.
Time, 7 m. 56 s.—7 m. 55 s.

In Virginia this is regarded the best race ever run in America; closely contested throughout. The course a measured mile, a clay soil, and at the time rather heavy.

17. b. c. Monsieur Tonson, a few weeks before, won the jockey club purse, four mile heats, *at Tree Hill*, beating Ariel, Gohanna and Blenheim.
Time, 8 m. 4 s.—7 m. 57 s.

18. b. f. Janette, (Virginia Lafayette) 4 years old, by Sir Archy, Oct. 1824, over the Tree Hill Course, for the jockey club purse, four mile heats, in three heats, beat Flirtilla and Marion—running the second heat in 7 m. 56 s.—and third heat in 8 m. 12 s.—first heat won by Flirtilla, a little over 8 m.

19. b. f. Kate Kearney, *three years old*, by Sir Archy, Oct. 1828, *over the Tree Hill Course*, for the jockey club purse, four mile heats, beat Ariel and Star; the first heat 7 m. 59 s.—the second heat 8 m. 4 s.

20. gr. m. Ariel, aged, by Eclipse, May, 1830, over the Poughkeepsie Course, N. Y. won the jockey club purse, four mile heats, beating Sir Lovel, who won the first heat, in 7 m. 54 s.—second heat something over 8 m.—three first miles of the second heat, in which Sir Lovel led, in 5 m. 50 s.—first mile, 1 m. 57 s.—second mile, 1 m. 59 s.—third mile, 1 m. 54 s.—the last mile being won with ease, was not so fast; after which Sir Lovel was drawn.

21. gr. m. Ariel, 6 years old, by Eclipse, Oct. 1828, at New Market, won the jockey club purse, four mile heats, beating Trumpator, Red Murdock and Hypona.
Time, 8 m. 22 s.—8 m. 13 s.—7 m. 57 s.—and 8 m. 4 s.

The preceding week she had won the jockey club purse, three mile heats, in four heats, beating Trumpator, Lafayette, (each winner of a heat) and others; the one preceding she had won the jockey club purse, four mile heats, at Norfolk, a good race, beating Trumpator in two heats;—and at Tree Hill, the week after her New Market race, she was beat the four mile heats, by Kate Kearney, also a good race—*having run forty-four miles in twenty-two days*—and won three out of four races—against good horses.

Three mile heats.

1. ch. m. Sally Walker, 5 years old, by Timoleon, Oct. 1827, at Broad Rock, beat Ariel, Pacolet, and others. Time, 1st heat, 5 m. 42 s.
2. b. c. Sussex, 4 years old, by Sir Charles, May, 1830, at Broad Rock, beat Polly Hopkins, Sally Hornet, and others—very close running the *second heat*, which was run in 5 m. 43 s.—the first heat 5 m. 46 s.
3. br. h. Sir Hal, 7 years old, by Sir Harry, Oct. 1816, at Washington, (the quickest race over that course) beat Tuckahoe, and others.
Time, first heat, 5 m. 49 s.—*second heat*, 5 m. 43 s.
4. b. f. Lady of the Lake, 3 years old, by Kosciusko, Feb. 1830, at Charleston, carrying a feather, in three heats, beat Polly Hopkins, and others. Time, 5 m. 44 s.—6 m.—and 5 m. 54 s.
5. gr. m. Ariel, 5 years old, by Eclipse, Oct. 1827, at Nottoway, beat Gohanna—a close race.
Time, first heat, 5 m. 50 s.—*second heat*, 5 m. 46 s.
6. br. h. Aratus, 6 years old, by Director, Feb. 1825, at Charleston, beat William and Saxe Weimar.
Time, first heat, 5 m. 54 s.—*second heat*, 5 m. 46 s.
7. b. h. Bertrand, 5 years old, by Sir Archy, Feb. 1825, at Charleston, two days after the former race, beat the combined powers of Aratus and Creeping Kate, in four heats—a very severe and close race, Bertrand contending for every heat, *running the twelve miles in twenty-three minutes, twenty-two seconds*.
Time, 5 m. 47 s.—5 m. 43 s.—5 m. 53 s.—and 5 m. 54 s.
8. ch. c. Washington, 4 years old, by Timoleon, Oct. 1823, at New Market, beat Tyro. Time, 5 m. 48 s.—5 m. 52 s.
9. b. h. Sir Lovel, 6 years old, by Duroc, May, 1830, at the Union Course, beat Ariel, Bachelor and Yankee Maid. Time, 5 m. 48 s.—5 m. 55 s.
10. gr. g. Mark Time, 6 years old, by Gallatin, Oct. 1825, at *Tree Hill*, beat Aratus, Washington, and others. Time, 5 m. 51 s.—5 m. 54 s.
11. b. f. Slender, 4 years old, by Sir Charles, out of Reality, Oct. 1829, at *Tree Hill*, beat Sussex, Polly Hopkins, and others.
Time, 5 m. 57 s.—5 m. 55 s.

Two mile heats.

1. br. c. Peace Maker, 3 years old, by Diomed, Oct. 1803, won at New Market, running one heat, in 3 m. 43 s. Subsequent performance disappointed his early promise, though frequently a winner, at every distance.
2. ch. h. Caswell, 5 years old, by Sir William, May, 1830, at Norfolk, in three heats, beat Kate Kearney and Havoc.
Time, 3 m. 46 s.—3 m. 44 s.—and 3 m. 45 s.
3. b. f. Arietta, 4 years old, by Virginian, May, 1830, over the Union Course, carrying 87 lbs., beat Ariel, aged, carrying 100 lbs., a match for \$5,000 a side, a single two miles.
Time, 3 m. 44 s.—first mile, 1 m. 47 s

4. ch. h. Sir William, 7 years old, by Sir Archy, May, 1823, at New Market, in three heats, beat Washington.
Time, 3 m. 51 s.—3 m. 45 s.—and 3 m. 50 s.
5. b. h. Sir Lovel, 6 years old, by Duroc, in his match with Arietta, over the Union Course, May, 1830, for \$5,000 a side, won both heats in 3 m. 45 s.—and 3 m. 48 s.
6. Sir Lovel, the preceding week, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. had won the jockey club purse, two mile heats, beating Lady Hunter and Maryland Eclipse. Time, 3 m. 51 s.—3 m. 46 s.
7. ch. c. Gallatin, (Expectation) 3 years old, by Bedford, 1802, at Fairfield, won the sweepstakes, distancing the field. Time, 3 m. 47 s.
8. gr. f. Reality, 3 years old, by Sir Archy, Oct. 1816, at New Market, won the sweepstakes, beating Timoleon, winner of the first heat, and others, in three heats. Time, 3 m. 47 s.—3 m. 48 s.—and 3 m. 49 s.
9. b. m. Flirtilla, 5 years old, by Sir Archy, and gr. f. Ariel, 3 years old, by Eclipse, (in their match over the Union Course, Oct. 31, 1825, for \$20,000 a side, three mile heats, won by the former in three heats,) ran the last two miles of the first heat, won by Ariel, by a neck, in 3 m. 47 s. See Racing Memoranda, Turf Register, p. 486.
10. f. Clara Fisher, 2 years old, by Kosciusko, Feb. 1830, in four heats, over the Charleston Course, beat Sally Melville, Yankee Maid, Polly Jones, and others. First heat won by Sally Melville—the second heat by Yankee Maid.
Time, 3 m. 48 s.—3 m. 52 s.—3 m. 49 s.—and 3 m. 49 s.
11. c. Restless, 4 years old, by Virginian, April, 1830, at Broad Rock, in *five heats*, beat Waxy, Wormwood, Little Margaret, and others.—Waxy won the first heat, Wormwood the second—and the third a dead heat between Restless and Little Margaret.
Time, 3 m. 52 s.—3 m. 48 s.—3 m. 54 s.—3 m. 56 s.—and 4 m. 3 s.
12. b. c. Virginian, 4 years old, by Sir Archy, May, 1819, at Broad Rock, won the two miles in 3 m. 49 s.—with such ease within his rate, that it was the prevailing belief he might have run that race in less time than any other of the same distance that had been run in this country.
13. ch. c. Collier, 4 years old, by Sir Charles, May, 1830, at Tree Hill, beat Convention, Caswell, and others, in three heats. Owing to the bad start no time was kept the first heat, won by Convention.
Time, second heat, 3 m. 56 s.—third heat, 3 m. 53 s.

One mile heats.

1. ch. c. Timoleon, 3 years old, by Sir Archy, May, 1816, at New Market, won with ease the sweepstakes, *distancing* the field, (Eagle, Sambo, Fair Rosamond, and another) the second heat.
Time, 1 m. 47 s.—1 m. 48 s.
2. b. c. Waxy, 4 years old, by Sir Archy, May, 1829, at Norfolk, won the best three heats—a mile each.
Time, 1 m. 50 s.—1 m. 51 s.—and *third heat*, 1 m. 47 s.
3. ch. h. Sir William, 6 years old, by Sir Archy, 1822, at Augusta, Georgia, after winning the jockey club race, ran a single mile in 1 m. 48 s.

4. gr. f. —— W. R. Johnson's, 3 years old, by Sir Charles, out of Reality, May, 1830, over the Union Course, won the great sweepstakes, beating six others, mile heats—the second heat won by a colt, started by Mr. Harrison. Time, 1 m. 51 s.—1 m. 48 s.—1 m. 53 s.
5. gr. f. Ariel, 3 years old, by Eclipse, Oct. 1825, over the Union Course, won a match, \$5,000 a side, mile heats, beating b. c. Lafayette, by Virginian. Time, 1 m. 49 s.—1 m. 52 s.
6. — Shawnee, ——, May, 1826, at New Market, two days after having been distanced, (the three mile heats, by Betsey Richards and Janette) won the mile heats. Time, 1 m. 49 s.
7. br. f. —— Watson's 3 years old, by Arab, May, 1830, at Norfolk, in three heats, beat b. c. Standard, by Sir Archy, winner of the first heat,—in the second he cast his plate. See *Turf Register*, p. 517. Time, 1 m. 49 s.—1 m. 53 s.—1 m. 55 s.
8. ch. f. Sally Hope, 3 years old, by Sir Archy, Oct. 1826, at Norfolk, won the mile heats.—first heat, 1 m. 49 s.
9. b. c. Gohanna, 3 years old, by Sir Archy, May, 1825, at *Tree Hill*,* won the sweepstakes. 1 m. 55 s.—1 m. 53 s.—best mile over that course.

N. B. Where the weight has not been given, it is believed to have corresponded with the jockey club rules;—the prevailing weights at this time are, 136 lbs. for aged horses, and those 7 years old; 120 lbs. for 6 years old; 112 for 5 years old; 100 for 4 years old; and 86 for 3 years old; 2 years old, a catch—3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings. T.

SPREAD EAGLE'S GET.

It is a great mistake to say that Spread Eagle got no good runners. "Maid of the Oaks" was one of the best four mile racers ever raised in this country. I heard C. Duvall say he thought her the best he ever saw start.

Floretta was not far behind her at four miles and repeat.—And Sally Naylor was good at three miles and repeat. I saw her beat Peace Maker at Washington. The purse was won by Lavinia.

I knew a gray horse in Virginia, called Paragon, by Spread Eagle, a good runner.

I think Spread Eagle died soon after he was imported. He left few descendants. He was among the first racers of his day, in England. The *Tallahasse* letter accounts for his having few mares during the [short] time he covered. G. D.

* The racing at *Tree Hill* is satisfactorily ascertained to be from three to four seconds per mile slower than at the Union Course, or Norfolk;—after which, Broad Rock is probably the next best course in the country.

ERRORS IN THE RACING MEMORANDA IN PREVIOUS NUMBERS.

MR. EDITOR:

Richmond, Sept. 7th, 1830.

Your *Turf Register* has by this time I have no doubt, acquired an extensive circulation, and in all probability may be looked to at this time, as it certainly ought to be hereafter, as a book of reference and authority on all subjects connected with pedigrees, racing, &c. I was much pleased therefore, when I saw the "Racing Memoranda" for some years back, furnished you for publication. I applaud the zeal of your correspondent, as it must have cost him much labour and time to collect together what he has already furnished; but, as was almost certain to have happened, many inaccuracies have crept into it, which it was not possible for you to correct, and which, unless he had been an eye witness, it is not probable he could have known. I hope then I will be excused by him for furnishing the following corrections, which have struck me as being important to the racing community, as in some instances, races have been given to horses that did not contend for the purse, and in others, the actual winners are not mentioned in the race.

Thus, the first of importance that struck me in looking over the No. for July, which was not done critically, or with a view of detecting errors, was at the Norfolk races, in the spring of 1827, in which Sally Hope is mentioned as the winner of the proprietor's purse, for which in fact she did not run; that race was won by a little mare by Virginian, called "Freak;" afterwards carried to Louisiana, where I believe she ran with much success under a different name; in that race Lafayette slipped up before running 200 yards, in consequence of the wet and slippery state of the track, while the bets were running four and five to one on him against the field.

Sally Hope ran the next day three mile heats with Ariel and Gohanna, in which race she saved her distance by only a few feet, and was won by Ariel, beating Gohanna about a length.

The next of importance was in the same No. page 533, in which it is mentioned, that at the Halifax races, in the fall of 1827, "Medley beat Red Gauntlet, his successful competitor at New Market," while the truth is, that these two horses never were in sight of each other, in the world, in my belief; certain it is, they never ran together, as Red Gauntlet was never in Virginia but one season, and that in the spring of 1827, at which time Medley was running in New York. And if your correspondent meant Red Murdock, who was his successful competitor at New Market, the error was equally striking, as Medley and Red Murdock never met on the turf after the race at New Market.

Again, at the New Market races, in the spring of 1828, Kate Kearney is made the winner of the sweepstakes, for which race she did not run; nor do I believe she was even at Petersburg that spring. Sally Melville was the winner of that race, who was beaten by Kate Kearney the following week at Tree Hill, instead of "Reality," as mentioned in the Register. Reality is the dam of Medley, and was taken from the turf many years before Kate Kearney was foaled.

In like manner, I observe in the No. for August, that Charlotte Temple is made the winner of two stakes at Petersburg, in the spring of 1829; whereas she did not run for but one, which was the post sweepstakes; the first race was won by Mr. Johnson's mare called "Silvertail."

I wish I had more time to pursue this subject, and correct all the mistakes that have occurred, of which there are many others; these few I have thought most worthy of correction, and hope this hint may induce your correspondents to be more particular in future. In all the instances I have mentioned, the races have come under my own observation, and I can, therefore, offer this with some certainty of its being correct. A RACER.

INSTRUCTIONS TO GROWN HORSEMEN,

BY GEOFFRY GAMBADO.

To define a perfect horse is nearly impossible, and to tell you where to buy one, completely so. However, I shall endeavour to describe such outward beauties and active qualifications, as are requisite to the composition of one; and should such a phoenix fall in your way (and though the taste of these times is so vilely perverted, I believe you have a better chance at present than you would have had some years back) I hope you will not let him slip through your fingers.

The height of a horse is perfectly immaterial, provided he is higher behind than before. Nothing is more pleasing to a traveller than the sensation of continually getting forward; whereas the riding of a horse of a contrary make is like climbing the bannisters of a staircase, when, though perhaps you really advance, you feel as if you were going backwards.

Let him carry his head low, that he may have an eye to the ground, and see the better where he steps.

The less he lifts his fore-legs, the easier he will move for his rider, and he will likewise brush the stones out of his way, which might otherwise throw him down. If he turns out his toes as well as he should do, he will then disperse them to the right and the left, and not have the trouble of kicking the same stone a second time.

A bald face, wall eyes, and white legs (if your horse is not a grey one) are to be preferred; as, in the night, although you may ride against what you please yourself, no one will ride against you.

His nose cannot project too much from his neck, for, by keeping a constant tight rein on him, you will then sit as firm as if you were held on.

A horse's ears cannot well be too long: a judicious rider steers his course, by fixing his eyes between them. Were he cropt, and that as close as we sometimes see them now-a-days, in a dusky evening the rider might wander the Lord knows where.

I have found many persons who have purchased horses of me very inquisitive and troublesome about their eyes; indeed so much so, as if their eyes were any way concerned in the action of the animal. As I know they are not, I give myself very little trouble about them. If a rider is in full possession of his own, what his horse has is perfectly immaterial; having probably a bridle in his mouth to direct him where to go, and to lift him up with again, if he tumbles down. Any gentleman, chusing indeed, to ride without a bridle, should look pretty sharp at a horse's eyes before he buys him, be well satisfied with his method of going, be very certain that he is docile, and will stop short with a "Wohey,"* and after all, be rather scrupulous where he rides him. Let no man tell me that a blind horse is not a match for one with the best of eyes, when it is so dark that he cannot see: and when he can, it is to be supposed the gentleman upon his back can as well as he; and then, if he rides with a bridle, what has he to fear? I flatter myself, I have proved as clear as day, that eyes are of little consequence; and as I am, no doubt, the first author that has made it known, my readers, if they lose no time, may mount themselves at Aldridge's, or the Rhedarium, as well and for half the money they would have done, before I let them into this secret.

Be sure to buy a broken-kneed horse, whenever he falls in your way: the best bit of flesh that ever was crossed will certainly come down one day or another; whereas one that has fallen, and scarified himself pretty much, never will again if he can help it.

Spavins, splints, corns, mallenders, sallenders, &c. &c. being all curable, are beneath your notice. A few of these little infirmities in your stable are always a subject of conversation, and you may, perhaps, now and then want one; it will likewise justify you to your lady, in embellishing your book-case with Bracken, Gibson, Bartlet and Griffiths; excellent authors in their way, and extremely useful! for you will have no occasion to be sending for an apothecary upon every trifling ailment in your family, but will know yourself how to make up a good stout and effectual dose of physic for your wife or servants, in the gooseberry season, and at the fall of the leaf. I would recommend a long tail, if it is to be had for love or money; if that is not to be got, buy a horse with a rat tail, if possible; though inferior in point of convenience to the former, there is a *je ne scai quoi* of comicality about it, that inclines us to merriment whenever it makes its appearance. There is one inconvenience attending long tails in

* I have searched Chambers and Johnson for this Wohey! but cannot find him. I do not recollect such a word in all Shakespeare, and he dealt at large in the language: Neither is it to be met with in Master Bailey's delicate Collection of Provincialisms. What is wohey?

summer (when the poor animals have most need of them;) and that is, horses full of grass are very subject to scouring; in this case ride your horse with his tail in a bag, or else he may annoy you.

Having described for my reader a horse, and I hope he likes him, I would fain form as complete a horseman, and having so done, my ambition would be gratified, my end answered, and I would never ride again myself, as long as I lived.

Few writers on this subject have thought it necessary to prescribe any peculiar mode of dress to equestrians. I am such a zealot about the propriety of their appearance, that I think too much cannot be said on the subject. Heavens! how are the laws degraded since the abolition of full bottoms* in our Courts of Justice: I attribute the increase of thievery to it, and firmly believe that ten men are hanged for every inch curtailed in a Judge's wig.

Account of the sale of the racing stock of that respectable and successful sportsman, Edmund Irby, (dec'd.) which took place at his late residence in the county of Nottoway, Virginia, on the 24th of September, 1830.

Multi Flora, b. f. (full sister to Betsey Archer,†) 4 years old, by old Sir Archy, out of Weazel, and in foal to Medley, a runner and a winner, for \$540. Bought by John Jaquelin Ambler, of Glenambler.

C. f. full sister to Multi Flora, untried, 3 years old, and in foal to Medley, for \$420. Bought by Samuel Williams, of Halifax.

B. f. by Monsieur Tonson, out of Weazel, 1 year old, for \$300. Bought by Wm. R. Johnson, of Oakland.

Weazel, out of Mr. Irby's favourite old Dare Devil mare, (the dam of Contention, Thaddeus, Burstall, &c.) by Shylock, 13 years old, and in foal to Medley, for \$240. Bought by William W. Hurt, of Halifax.

The sale of "thorough bred horses," took place on the 18th October, at the farm of Charles H. Hall, Esq. at Harlem, and was well attended. The following are the sums at which they were sold.

The noted running mare Lady Lightfoot, in foal by American Eclipse, \$1475. Alarm, a brown imported mare, by Thunderbolt, dam Tadora, in foal by Barefoot, \$650. Gazelle, by Bussorah, dam Hyacinth, 6 years old, in foal by Barefoot, \$380. Knot, a chestnut, 6 years old, by Bellfounder, out of Cinnamon, \$110. Lady Mary, 10 years old, by Bussorah, out of Maria, \$425. A brown colt, 6 months old, by American Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot, \$850. Lightning, 1 year old, a brown filly, by American Eclipse, out of Alarm, \$100. A brown filly, 6 months old, by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Alarm, \$200. Ranger, 2 years old, a dark bay, by Bussorah, out of Alarm, \$500. A chestnut filly, by Eclipse Lightfoot, out of Knot, \$60. Constellation, 5 years old, dark chesnut, by American Eclipse, out of Olivia, \$675. Bald Eagle, 5 years old, by American Eclipse, out of Lightfoot, \$500.

* He might have added, how are our ladies improved by the adoption of them.

† This beautiful mare and successful racer Betsey Archer, was purchased when 4 years old, at the price of \$1,000, by W. R. Johnson, whose property she still is.

SKETCH OF THE ANATOMY OF THE HORSE.

The body is composed of bones, cartilages, muscles, tendons, ligaments, membranes, glands, nerves, arteries, veins, lymphatics, cellular substance, blood, and other fluids.

Bones are the hardest parts of the body, serving as a fulcrum to the softer parts.

Cartilages are substances, whitish, flexible, and smooth, in a certain degree elastic, harder than ligaments, and softer than bones; their use is to unite or connect the bones. They are commonly known by the name of gristle. Bones are originally cartilaginous before they become bones.

Muscles are fleshy bodies, or rather bundles of fibres arising and inserted into the bones, capable of contraction, and are thereby the medium of motion.

Tendons, commonly called sinews, are white substances, and are the termination of muscles, by which they are attached or inserted into bones.

Ligaments are parts more flexible than cartilages, of a white, close, and compact nature; they are more or less elastic and difficult to be broken. Their use is that of connecting and binding parts together.

Membranes are a sort of net-work, forming sheaths, &c. for the better division of other parts.

Glands are bodies of a solid consistence, such as the liver, kidneys, &c. and are organs destined to separate the different fluids from the mass of the blood, such as the bile, urine, saliva, &c.

Nerves are white cords distributed to all parts of the body, and arising from the brain and spinal marrow, thereby acting as the medium of sensation to its seat, the brain. They are solid outside, and contain a thickish and white fluid internally.

Arteries are the great canals which carry the blood from the heart to all parts of the body—white elastic tubes of various diameters, larger as they are near the heart, and *vice versa*. They may be compared to the branches of a tree, the root of which is the heart. Their elasticity enables them to contract and collapse according to every pulsation of the heart.

Veins are blood vessels which accompany the courses of the arteries, and which carry back that blood to the heart which has been distributed by the arteries. Their structure differs from that of the arteries by not having an elastic coat, and in possessing membranous valves, or flood gates, at various intervals throughout.

Lymphatics are a set of vessels, whose office is to take up various fluids, like so many suckers, and deposite them in the mass of blood. This system of vessels is called the absorbent system. The lacteal vessels, which with innumerable mouths suck up the chyle from the stomach and carry it to the blood, are a part of that system.

Cellular substance.—This is a semi-fat substance, deposited in cells which are placed in almost every part of the body, acting as a connecting medium to the parts.

Blood is that fluid formed out of the chyle or nutriment of the stomach, and out of which is formed all parts of the body.

The other fluids are *bile, urine, saliva, semen, perspiration, &c. &c.*

GROUSE SHOOTING.

MR. EDITOR:

Philadelphia, August 9th, 1830.

My Sporting Magazine for June having been mislaid previous to perusing it, will account for my having so long neglected to reply to the animadversions of "C."—a writer in that No. on my communications on grouse shooting, published by you some months since.

Whether "C." and the author of the "Shooter's Manual" be one and the same, is of no great moment further than they both assert the same rules, regulations, &c. in grouse shooting; arrive at the same conclusions, and are, consequently, equally in error. They assert what every *real* sportsman will at once gainsay.—I shall now address myself to C. and tell him it is quite immaterial whether I have or have not hunted grouse for ten years; that with all his knowledge of game, and game-laws, etc. he needs much instruction yet. He tells us, that in the latter end of August, grouse "are only half grown, half fledged, and as tame as chickens."—That there are at this period a few birds too young to shoot is very possibly the case; but is "C." such a reckless sportsman himself, that he would endeavour to kill, indiscriminately, all fledged, or unfledged, that should fall in his way? And does he not know that *sportsmen leave* such as are thus small, to bird *murderers*—and kill those only that are sufficiently grown?

Were there a law, that partridges should not be hunted until *all* were entirely fledged, does he not also know, that the middle of November would be the soonest possible period, that, in the middle states, the shooting season could commence? It is a fact well known to every shooter of them, that in the latter part of October partridges are to be found that cannot rise from the ground. Yet so early as the 1st of September, there are many in coveys that are completely fledged, and of sufficient size for manly sport. So it is with grouse; in October you will occasionally find a small bird—but that does not signify that the early and well fledged birds, should be left until November or December, that *all* may have their full growth.

In Pennsylvania, where there are no laws on the subject, they are shot by our first sportsmen the beginning of August.

"C." mentions a Mr. Samuel A——s, of Mount Holly, who, according to his statement, must be a famous grouse shooter indeed; and he always uses shot No. 1, or single B. Now the fact is, I defy "C." to find a grouse shooter of any note, or in fact any one at all at that place, for which the above christian and part surname will apply—there is none.

In that neighbourhood there resides a Mr. Abraham A——s,—the gentleman I designated under his title of Gen. A——s, in my commu-

nication—who is an old sportsman, and with whom I have shot every season for the last *ten years*—and has, perhaps, *killed* more grouse than any other individual in New Jersey; and, with but one exception, I have never known him to use shot larger than No. 4—it was then late in November, and No. 3 was used. I challenge “C.” to produce a single *grouse shooter*, other than himself—not one so called, but one accustomed to it—that uses the sizes specified by him.

He writes feelingly of the violation of the natural and statute law. The latter he doubtlessly should rightly understand and properly appreciate, as it is believed he is a twig of it. But of the natural law, there is none that can interfere, but that which would prevent the destruction of the old birds, whilst mating, having eggs, or whilst the young are incapable of shifting for themselves. Birds killed in any of these stages, are unfit to be eaten, and consequently can only be destroyed in reckless cruelty—and not for sport—as they then afford none. The young, when two-thirds grown, as is the case by the last of August, with a few exceptions, are in as good condition as at any other period; and are, should the time for shooting them be suspended even later, only reserved for certain, and unquestionably, a more unsportsman-like destruction—being shot in the blooming time—the spring of the year.

Objection is made by “C.” to hunting them early, because, as he says, you are deprived of the satisfaction of bringing them home to your friends, &c. Most grouse shooters know a method of preserving them for at least thirty-six hours after their having been killed.

I will now take leave of “C.” and only add, that at the last session of the New Jersey legislature, the law respecting the fine was modified; and he may, if he chooses, go after them in July, without incurring a very heavy penalty, unless he should shoot a brooding hen; in that case, with him I suppose the penalty to the natural law would be severe—being so scrupulous of nature’s rights—but I will guarantee him complete impunity of the fine, if he will *claim* no birds but those actually shot by *himself*.

The insinuation of doubt, as to whether J. B. D. had ever seen a live grouse, I shall pass without comment; it could but have proceeded from one who had been wounded in a tender part. I hope his wounds will heal kindly. I have no disposition to open them further.

Yours, respectfully, J. B. D.

N. B. “C.” says the woodcock season commences in New Jersey 1st of July—the law says after the 5th. He says the grouse shooting season ends with December—the law says with January.

GROUSE SHOOTING—IN THE WEST.

MR. EDITOR:

Jefferson Barracks, September 26th, 1830.

In order to give sportsmen to the East some idea of the number and facility of killing *grouse* in this country, I will merely state the results of two gentlemen's sporting. Mr. H. and brother in the course of four or five days killed and bagged upwards of *two hundred grouse*. At some future leisure moment I promise myself the pleasure of sending you the details of a grouse hunt by a party of gentlemen.

I am, Sir, respectfully, your obedient servant, G. A.

COCKNEY SHOOTING—OR THE TWIN MUGGINSES.

New York, May 12, 1830.

“Brother Matthew,” exclaimed Moses, “To-morrer is the first of September, and, please the pigs, ve’ll ‘ave some sport with our gun; and that ve may’nt be too late, cause the birds may be all shot in the mornin, fore ve gits out o’ town, ve’ll be off to-night; vat do you think?” “Think,” echoed Matthew, as he felt about for the extinguished rush-light, “vy I thinks its the most brightest thought as never vas—’ere’s my ‘at, and as good luck vill ‘ave it, the gun stands loadened in the corner.” The preceding scene, fully exemplifies the principles of association, by which a defective memory is enabled to recall objects, that are seemingly enveloped in irremediable obscurity. Although the reference to the first of September had been made, time out of mind; and the fact of its being important to sportsmen, was imprinted strongly upon the minds of the party, yet, the spark of hidden ambition had lain in latent nothingness, until doomsday had it not been ignited by a recollection of the recent purchase of a gun. But, to return to the Mugginses. The clock had stricken twelve, and the last echo of the deep-toned bell of the old south, died away upon the listening ears of the Mugginses, as they passed with long strides and short breath across the Neck. A thick and almost impenetrable fog lay upon the fields through which they journeyed; so dense, indeed, that they could not distinguish more than the shadow of their persons, even when close together. In their hasty resolution, they had arranged no particular plan or place of destination, but determined to anticipate every rival shot, by taking advantage of the earliest glimpse of dawn, to be somewhere, and to fire at something. Previously to their abrupt egress from the house, it was understood that one should carry the gun, and that they were to use it alternately. After proceeding over stone walls, through clay fields, and under fir groves, for the space of an hour; stumbling, wading, and poking, with untiring fortitude,

Moses found his nether limbs suddenly immersed in water; he naturally withdrew from prosecuting a voyage, which might end in suffocation, and whispering to Matthew, addressed him in the following sentences:

"Hush, do you stand still, ve've got 'em, I know by the veeds vich is tickling my hancles, that this ere's a place swarming with vild ducks. There, does'nt you 'ear 'em in the vater!"

"I thinks I 'ears summit," replied Matthew, "but vether its ducks or dickey birds, I don't take upon me to say, seein as 'ow I can't tell."

"Vell, no matter vat you thinks, I know it," said Moses. "Now, ve'll 'ave to wait till sun-rise and then ve'll pop at 'em the first thing."

"Stuff and nonsense," interrupted Matthew, "don't tell me about sun-rise, I shall never be able to stan it, vy can't ve 'ave a pop at 'em now? Ve shall be just as likely to kill 'em now, as if it vas day-light, and if there's a end of 'em, and the shot should scatter, vy ve shall 'ave the chance of itting more nor vun."

"Vell," replied Moses, "here goes; ve shall 'ave to vade up to the middle into the vater to git near 'em. Hush! dash my buttons if I don't 'ear 'em shaking their vings—vere are you?"

To which Matthew cried,—"Oh! never you mind me, onney, take care of the gun."

"Lord love you, Matty, the gun shan't 'urt me."

"I'll be bound," replied Matthew, "but I thinks ve're fur enough in. I thinks I sees 'em."

"Vy," continued Moses, "I sees summit vite. Now for it!"

"Now for it," cried Matthew.—"Vell, vy don't you shoot?"

"Me," said Moses, "vy don't you shoot?"

"I ar'nt brought the gun," said Matthew.

"Nor I," said Moses.

They had forgotten the gun.

ANOTHER VALUABLE IMPORTATION.

MR. EDITOR:

Baltimore, August, 1830.

As a friend of the *canine* species, I am certain it will give you pleasure to be informed that, during the last month, *Henry Thompson*, Esq. received from a relative in Liverpool, an elegant setter bitch of the most approved English breed. She is jet black, with the exception of a small dash of white on the breast, and compactly formed. She exhibits in a remarkable degree, the points of high blood, and will be a valuable acquisition to our fine stock of dogs. A couple of her first litter will be presented to your acceptance, as a trifling mark of the estimation in which I regard your efforts to excite attention to

the manly and invigorating sports of the field; and I would hope that they may have the effect to induce our young men to draw *cover* instead of *corks*; and range the *stubble* in lieu of the *streets*; thus would they avoid *dyspepsia*, and all those ills of "elegant leisure," which too frequently require an additional cord to bind up an "unlaced reputation."

BOB WHITE.

TO TELL THE AGE OF PHEASANTS.

The cock's age (whose plumage is completed the first year) is known by his spurs, which are short, round and blunt, when young; but long and sharp, when old, the point being a little turned. The hen has also a small spur, but it is larger and more prominent when she is old; and this happens in a greater or less degree, in proportion to the age of the bird; besides, in the young ones, each spur is surrounded with a small black circle, which does not disappear until the second time of their hatching. The legs of those pheasants, which have attained the age of five or six years, are very much wrinkled, and of a dark colour; the crystal also of the eye is yellow, while that of the young one is white, until after the second year: but all these marks and signs are not without many exceptions. To know a young bird from an old one, the Compiler recommends trying the beak, as that of the young one is tender and easily broken; whereas, that of the old one is yellow and very hard.

CHANGE OF PLUMAGE.

The following curious circumstance, which happened within the memory of many of the inhabitants of, and near *Bath*, is well worth stating, respecting poultry changing their plumage. *Major Brereton*, of the above place, had a noted game cock, entirely of a dark red; and, after his great match, on which depended the sum of *thirty-six thousand pounds*, in hard cash, and winning the odd battle, he turned him to a *walk*, at a place, near *Bath*, called *Hogget's-Bottom*; the bird had not been long there, when the owner of the farm came to the *Major* and informed him, he was all spangled with white; in a few days after, when the *Major* went to see him, he found him all over white, or, as it is termed by cockers, *a complete smock*, not a red feather was to be seen. In the course of some time after, he resumed his former plumage. The *Major* has his picture, which was taken at each time of his changing, and every feather, by the drawing, seems to have exactly preserved its own shape.

ON THE POWER OF GAME TO WITHHOLD THE ODOUR THAT BETRAYS
THEM TO THEIR PURSUERS.

MR. EDITOR:

Near Elkton, July 24, 1830.

H, in reply to your Annapolis correspondent, respecting quails withholding *their* odour, asks why the same power is not granted to foxes. I am of opinion they have the power while they are permitted to keep their toes contracted.

I have seen a fox *steal away* upon his toes, and if he had not been driven out of that gait, the dogs would never have been able to make him "go away." I do not say that dogs are unable to *wind* a fox if he is in *the wind* immediately after he is first *up*; but this is no argument to show that they cannot withhold the *scent* from the foot while he is creeping lightly upon his toes. The argument that they can *even* withhold the scent of their body might be advanced, when we know, that no *pack of hounds* can wind a fox to where he is laying quietly, without his first being *unkenneled*. I remember an old sportsman once telling me of his running a fox through a sedge field, and *putting up* another, but in consequence of the height of the sedge, the hounds were unable to see the fresh fox, (there is no doubt of their running the one in sight) but the huntsmen knowing that the fox *put up* in the morning, was leading the pack at least a mile, caused them to use every exertion to get the hounds on the fresh fox, but without the least success. So very strange it appeared to the old man, who was a little superstitious, that he held out that it was some demon clothed in the garb of a fox. When a fox is *started* on the snow, his track is much smaller in the morning, than it is after he becomes fatigued and careless; consequently this goes to show that the fox, without he pleases, can for a time withhold his odour.

CALVERT.

[Not exactly so; were a fox as hard pressed at first as he is after a time, and the snow as *soft*, the track would be as large. The difference in the power of the dogs to pursue the fresh fox, and the hunted fox, arises from the former being comparatively cold, and the latter *heated*; from the former there is little or no emanation from the pores of the body, whereas there is from the latter, myriads of particles of *effluvia* flying off; and on a good scenting day, leave behind a stream of odour, so that a dog of good nose will give free tongue at a distance of thirty foot from the exact line of the game.

It may be that there are pores or ducts in particular parts of the body, from which the peculiar odour of every animal escapes more constantly and more freely, than from others. This may too, probably, be asserted of the foot, being a providential arrangement, which enables the dog to find his master as well as his game. The subject brings so strongly to mind the following lines of Somerville, that we cannot forbear to quote them; as well

for the beautiful moral inculcated by the last, as for the aptness of the first part of the quotation.]

“As fuming vapours rise,
And hang upon the gently purling brook,
There by th’ incumbent atmosphere compress’d:
The panting Chase grows warmer as he flies,
And through the net-work of the skin perspires;
Leaves a long-streaming trail behind, which by
The cooler air condens’d, remains, unless
By some rude storm dispers’d, or rarified
By the meridian Sun’s intenser heat.
To every shrub the warm effluvia cling.
Hang on the grass, impregnate earth and skies.
With nostrils opening wide, o’er hill, o’er dale
The vigorous hounds pursue, with every breath
Inhale the grateful steam, quick pleasures sting
Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks repay,
And in triumphant melody confess
The titillating joy. Thus on the air
Depend the hunter’s hopes. When ruddy streaks
At eve forebode a blustering stormy day,
Or lowering clouds blacken the mountain’s brow,
When nipping frosts, and the keen biting blasts
Of the dry parching east, menace the trees
With tender blossoms teeming, kindly spare
Thy sleeping pack, in their warm beds of straw
Low-sinking at their ease; listless they shrink
Into some dark recess, nor hear thy voice
Though oft invok’d; or haply if thy call
Rouse up the slumbering tribe, with heavy eyes
Glaz’d, lifeless, dull, downward they drop their tails
Inverted; high on their bent backs erect
Their pointed bristles stare, or ‘mong the tufts
Of ranker weeds, each stomach-healing plant
Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.
These inauspicious days, on other cares
Employ thy precious hours; th’ improving friend
With open arms embrace, and from his lips
Glean science, season’d with good-natur’d wit.
But if the inclement skies and angry Jove
Forbid the pleasing intercourse, thy books
Invite thy ready hand, each sacred page
Rich with the wise remarks of heroes old.
Converse familiar with th’ illustrious dead;
With great examples of old Greece or Rome,
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bless kind Heaven,
That Britain yet enjoys dear Liberty,
That balm of life, that sweetest blessing, cheap

Though purchas'd with our blood. Well-bred, polite,
 Credit thy calling. See! how mean, how low,
 The bookless sauntering youth, proud of the skut
 That dignifies his cap, his flourish'd belt,
 And rusty couples gingling by his side.
 Be thou of other mould; and know that such
 Transporting pleasures were by Heaven ordain'd
 Wisdom's relief, and Virtue's great reward."

THE SKILL OF ENGLISH POACHERS.

It is a very extraordinary circumstance to be related, that when poachers go to a cover, they prefer a star-light night to any other: This has been confidently asserted, by one of the best poachers in England; because, first, the game-keepers are not so alert as they would be on a moon-light night, and next, because the birds may be distinguished nearly as well as by moon-light, and are less liable to perceive the poacher. He also assured the compiler of a curious fact, which he would not have believed had he not seen it, namely, that when pheasants roosting, at night, are fired at, the discharge of the gun alarms the cocks, and they all fly away; but the hens remain, and allow themselves to be killed, one after another; therefore, the owners of manors, will do well to be guarded on starry, as well as moon-light nights. In order to convince my readers, that my informer was a first rate poacher, I relate the following circumstance: I was out with him one day, when he requested leave to net a covey of birds, to which I consented. When his dog pointed, he covered three brace and a half, out of four, the remaining bird escaped, which he remarked was a cock; and on my expressing a wish that he had been taken, he told me that he would be sure of him the next day, if I would allow him to come again, which he did; and in order to be certain of him, he let go the three brace and a half which he had taken, and the next day took the whole, which I am convinced must have been the same, from the exact number, and no other covey being on that ground.

[*Daniels.*

The small makerel caught now in our harbour, holds the same relation to larger fish of a palatable kind, that snipe and plover do to birds of a larger feather. There is no fish that swims more delicious than one of these piscatory diminutives. Then there is the large paddler abounding in the creeks near Easton's Beach and in the Neck, of a far sweeter flavour than any other shellfish in our waters. Four or five dozen of these will reward the exertions of a skilful crabber, in the course of an hour.

[*Newport Republican.*

SPORTS AT HAREWOOD.

(See *Engraving at the commencement of this number.*)

“Thro’ brakes he shuns the hunter’s sight,
But o’er the plain or upland bounding;
The rifle ball arrests his flight,
The horn of chase his knell resounding.”

[The last living signer of the declaration of American independence, entered his ninety-fourth year on the 20th of September last; remaining, as was happily expressed by a gentleman on that occasion, as “a beacon to his countrymen, in the path of patriotism and virtue.”

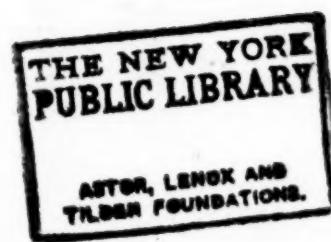
Amongst his oldest friends and the one who has most constantly enjoyed his confidence and regard, is Mr. O., the proprietor of Harewood, a very large and elegantly improved estate, on the Gunpowder river;—where, besides domestic animals of the most improved breeds, fish that come daily fluttering from the weirs, and fowl of almost every sort that “nature hath taught to dip its wing in water,” there may be seen sometimes *two hundred deer* at a single view,—from *these* one of the largest bucks is annually selected and sent to Doughraken manor, for the *birth day dinner*.—The park is so extensive, the woods so deep and impenetrable, and the food so abundant, that it is by no means an easy matter to pick out and kill the best of the herd. Swift of foot, and quick of hearing, he espies danger at a remote distance, and it is only the keen sportman, spirited, alert, and quick of eye and action like himself, that can by any means circumvent him, and bring his proud antlers to the dust. The honour of this distinguished feat in the sporting annals of Harewood, most usually falls to the lot of Mr. R. M. G. The plate engraved to ornament this number is intended to represent the death of the one which constituted the last annual offering to the surviving patriot, at the moment of its being shot. Without stopping here to dwell on the pleasant convivialities and exhilarating exercises attendant on a visit to Harewood on these occasions, it may be said, of the noble saddle that crowns the anniversary dinner, as of other good things, that if the enjoyment be delicious, the appetite is sharpened and the relish heightened by the hopes and fears, the difficulties and even dangers of the pursuit.]

MR. EDITOR:

Baltimore, Sept. 25th, 1830.

You requested that I would give you some particulars of the killing of that noble buck, on the saddle of which you and some dozen friends feasted so heartily a few days since. I will attempt to do so, however inadequate I may feel to do it ample justice.

Near seventeen miles from this city, is situated a Park, over which you have often coursed; and which you can well attest, is beautifully stored with not less than two hundred head of deer. To afford a treat at this season of the year, to mutual friends, I repaired thither armed with my rifle, determined that the most gallant of the herd, should furnish a repast worthy so estimable an assemblage. Having selected a position deemed most likely as the spot where the deer would pass,





Engraved by J. C. W. from an original drawing.

SIPPIRIPS AT HLAIRIE WYOMID.

Published for the American Art Register and Spring Magazine.

I waited with becoming patience and quietude the approach of the game, driven onward by two men who were beatng the woods for that purpose.

These sagacious animals, though confined within bounds of some 300 acres, are, however, by no means tame in proportion to their limits. Two good hours elapsed, and yet no gallant buck presented itself within range of my piece; and at length one of the men, wearied by his fruitless exertions to drive the deer towards me, approached my mark, and threw himself on the ground, exhausted by fatigue and the heat of the weather. His presence, however, proved satisfactory in the end, as he witnessed the shot I made, and which I consider as unusual as others may deem it accidental or otherwise.

Soon after I was joined by the huntsman, a beautiful doe, was seen passing by at some hundred yards distance, with a rapidity that indicated alarm—and in a few moments, we perceived a noble buck, following in the same direction, impelled forward with all the energy of his nature. His course, however, indicated a nearer approach, and on obtaining a certain position, he quickly discerned in the deep wood, the appearance of a foreign body—and paused for a single moment to regard us. That moment sealed his fate,—for availing myself of the opportunity offered, the ball was driven from the muzzle of my piece with unerring aim, and this gallant ornament of the park, a dead.

The ground on which he fell, was of an undulating character, and as we hastened to the spot, my white neck turned towards us, we perceived that the body and compact, covered the popular vein, and that the red current of life was flowing with difficulty, as though the keen knif of the skilful operator had done the deed of execution. The distinct moment was no paus—and the total weight, 267 lbs; which I believe is an unusual large—being heavier by many pounds than any deer hunting killed on those hortent grounds.

As to its fine order and capital coloring, I leave to you and the other gentleman of the party, to award our opinion, who appeared to enjoy with so much zest the field, the company, and the precious glass.

G.

FOR MUSKET.

This is the most delightful season of the year, delighted of all field sports. From the first of October to the first of December, when the leaves are yet on the trees, the self-same keeper appears in doublets a grey, instead of going off on a sable coat, a great match. In the winter, however, the leaves of the trees, and the air is so cold, the keeper is fond of worn out

Superior Quality and Standardized DUDs

I waited with becoming patience and quietude the approach of the game, driven onward by two men who were beating the woods for that purpose.

These sagacious animals, though confined within bounds of some 300 acres, are, however, by no means tame in proportion to their limits. Two good hours elapsed, and yet no gallant buck presented itself within range of my piece; and at length one of the men, wearied by his fruitless exertions to drive the deer towards me, approached my stand, and threw himself on the ground, exhausted by fatigue and the heat of the weather. His presence, however, proved satisfactory in the end, as he witnessed the shot I made, and which I consider as unusual as others may deem it accidental or adroit.

Soon after I was joined by the huntsman, a beautiful doe, was seen passing by at some hundred yards distance, with a rapidity that indicated alarm—and in a few moments, we perceived a noble buck, following in the same direction, impelled forward with all the energy of its nature. His course, however, indicated a nearer approach, and on obtaining a certain position, he quickly discerned in the deep wood, the appearance of a foreign body—and paused for a single moment to regard us. That moment sealed his fate,—for availing myself of the opportunity offered, the ball was driven from the muzzle of my piece with unerring aim, and this gallant ornament of the park fell dead.

The ground on which he fell, was of an undulating character, and as we hastened to the spot, his white neck turned towards us, we perceived that the ball had completely severed the jugular vein, and that the red current of life was pouring forth as freely, as though the keen knife of the practised sportsman had done the deed of execution. The distance measured was 65 paces—and the total weight, 207 lbs.; which I believe to be unusually large—being heavier by many pounds than any deer heretofore killed on those luxuriant grounds.

As to its fine order and capital eating, I leave to you and the other gentleman of the party, to sound its praises, who appeared to enjoy with so much zest the food, the company, and the generous glass.

G.

FOX HUNTING.

[This is the most delightful season, for this most delightful of all field sports. From the first of October to the first of December, whilst the leaves are yet on the trees, the red fox keeps his grounds and doubles like a grey, instead of going off on a straight run to a great distance.—In the country, however, the lovers of the chase are yet kept in check by the fences to fields of corn not

yet gathered. The Baltimore pack, consisting now of about 8 couple of prime dogs, have had some fine runs—killing in good time, both reds and greys. Greys, it is very gratifying to know are getting more numerous on the Annapolis roads and approaching nearer to the Patapsco. If now they could be left for a few years, they would become again abundant and afford, as they used to do, ample and delightful sport.

We should be glad to amuse our readers with brief accounts of any remarkable runs that may take place in the winter, especially those in which rival dogs, and rival packs, are matched for the highest honours.

The last run with the Baltimore pack was on Thursday last. At half past six, after a beautiful drag through extensive broom sedge fields, they unkennelled a large red, near the battle monument on the North Point road. The morning was as fine as possible; after a single turn in open wood, finding his work growing too hot, he was forced to break away through a large open field of a mile, to gain thick pine cover. The cry was full and incessant, resembling when far off, the undulating roar of a distant water fall. In less than one hour after the pack had settled down upon him, he was run into, in one of Mr. Green's large open fields, every dog being in at the death; and the only regret was, that he could not stand up longer—but with such a pack and such a day that was impossible.

Any language, were any to be found, that should paint to the life the delightful, the exquisite sensations enjoyed, in a fine chase, would be regarded as the ravings of foolish enthusiasm, by those who never *felt* the joyous thrill that animates the hunter, at the moment when the cold drag, gradually swelling, bursts into the full cry that proclaims “HE'S OFF! HE'S OFF! GONE AWAY! GONE AWAY!”

“What joy! what eagerness in every face!
How happy art thou, man, when thou'rt no more
Thyself! when all the pangs that grind thy soul,
In rapture, and in sweet oblivion lost,
Yield a short interval, and ease from pain!!!”

But in this case, seeing only is believing, and feeling is the naked truth! Those who have experienced the pleasures of the chase will be satisfied, that now at the commencement of the season we should open this department of the Sporting Magazine with the following]

SKETCH OF A FOX CHASE.

The hour in the morning most favourable to the diversion is certainly an early one, nor do I think I can fix it better than to say the hounds should be at the cover at sun-rising. Let us suppose we are arrived at the cover side.

“——— Delightful scene!
Where all around is gay, men, horses, dogs,
And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh blooming health, and universal joy.”

SOMERVILLE.

Now let your huntsman throw in his hounds as quietly as he can, and let the two whippers-in keep wide of him on either hand, so that a single hound may not escape them; let them be attentive to his halloo, and be ready to encourage or rate, as that directs; he will, of course, draw up the wind, for reasons which I shall give in another place. Now if you can keep your brother sportsmen in order, and put any discretion into them, you are in luck; they more frequently do harm than good: if it be possible, persuade those who wish to halloo the fox off to stand quiet under the cover side, and on no account to halloo him too soon; if they do, he most certainly will turn back again: could you entice them all into the cover, your sport, in all probability, would not be the worse for it.

How well the hounds spread the cover!—the huntsman, you see, is quite deserted, and his horse, which so lately had a crowd at his heels, has not now one attendant left. How steadily they draw!—you hear not a single hound, yet none are idle. Is not this better than to be subject to continual disappointment, from the eternal babbling of unsteady hounds?

“————— See! how they range
Dispersed, how busily this way and that
They cross, examining with curious nose
Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and swell'd with every mouth.” SOMERVILLE.

How musical their tongues!—Now as they get nearer to him, how the chorus fills! Hark! he is found.—Now, where are all your sorrows, and your cares, ye gloomy souls? Or where your pains and aches, ye complaining ones? One halloo has dispelled them all.—What a crash they make! and echo seemingly takes pleasure to repeat the sound. The astonished traveller forsakes his road, lured by its melody: the listening ploughman now stops his plough; and every distant shepherd neglects his flock, and runs to see him break. Mark how he runs the cover's utmost limits, yet dares not venture forth: the hounds are still too near.—That check is lucky; now, if our friends head him not, he will soon be off—hark! they halloo: by G—d he's gone.

“————— Hark! what loud shouts
Re-echo through the groves! he breaks away:
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack,
'Tis triumph all, and joy.”

Now, huntsmen get on with the head hounds; the whipper-in will bring on the others after you: keep an attentive eye on the leading hounds, that should the scent fail them, ye may know at least how far they brought it.

Mind *Galloper*, how he leads them! It is difficult to distinguish which is first, they run in such a style: yet *he* is the foremost hound. The goodness of his nose is not less excellent than his speed. How he carries the scent! and when he loses it, see how eagerly he flings to recover it again. There—now he's at head again—see how they top the hedge! Now, how they mount the hill! Observe what a head they carry; and show me, if you can, one shuffler or skirter amongst them all: are they not like a parcel of brave fellows; who, when they undertake a thing, determine to share its fatigue and its dangers equally amongst them.

“—— Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
And dangerous our course; but in the brave
True courage never fails. In vain the stream
In foaming eddies whirls; in vain the ditch
Wide gaping threatens death. The craggy steep,
Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,
And clings to every twig, gives us no pain;
But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey. Then up th' opponent hill,
By the swift motion slung, we mount aloft:
So ships, in winter seas, now sliding sink
Adown the steepy wave, then toss'd on high,
Ride on the billows, and defy the storm.”

SOMERVILLE.

It was, then, the fox I saw as we came down the hill: those crows directed me which way to look, and the sheep ran from him as he passed along. The hounds are now on the very spot; yet the sheep stop them not, for they dash beyond them. Now see with what eagerness they cross the plain! *Galloper* no longer keeps his place. *Brusher* takes it: see how he flings for the scent, and how impetuously he runs! How eagerly he took the lead, and how he strives to keep it! yet *Victor* comes up apace. He reaches him! See what an excellent race it is between them! It is doubtful which will reach the cover first. How equally they run! how eagerly they strain!—now *Victor*, *Victor*! Ah! *Brusher*, you are beat: *Victor* first tops the hedge. See there! see how they all take it in their strokes! The hedge cracks with their weight, so many jump at once.

Now hastens the whipper-in to the other side the cover: he is right, unless he heads the fox.

“Heav’ns! what melodious strains! how beat our hearts
 Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales
 Breathe harmony; and as the tempest drives
 From wood to wood, through ev’ry dark recess
 The forest thunders, and the mountains shake. SOMERVILLE.

Listen!—the hounds have turned. They are now in two parts. The fox has been headed back, and we have changed at last.

Now, my lad, mind the huntsman’s halloo, and stop to those hounds which he encourages. He is right!—that, doubtless, is the hunted fox. Now they are off again.

“What lengths we pass! where will the wand’ring chase
 Lead us bewilder’d? Smooth as swallows skim
 The new-shorn mead, and far more swift, we fly.
 See my brave pack! how to the head they press,
 Jostling in close array, then more diffuse
 Obliquely wheel, while from their op’ning mouths
 The vollied thunder breaks.

————— Look back and view
 The strange confusion of the vale below,
 Where sore vexation reigns;—————

————— Old age laments
 His vigour spent: the tall, plump, brawny youth
 Curses his cumbrous bulk; and envies now
 The short pygmean race, he whilom kenn’d
 With proud insulting leer. A chosen few
 Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop beneath
 Their pleasing toils.”

SOMERVILLE.

Ha! a check. Now for a moment’s patience. We press too close upon the hounds!—Huntsman, stand still: as yet they want you not. How admirably they spread! how wide they cast! Is there a single hound that does not try? if such a one there be, he ne’er shall hunt again. There, *Trueman* is on the scent: he feathers, yet still is doubtfull: ’tis right! how readily they join him! See those wide-casting hounds, how they fly forward to recover the ground they have lost! Mind *Lightning*, how she dashes; and *Mungo*, how he works! Old *Frantic*, too, now pushes forward: she knows, as well as we, the fox is sinking.

————— Ha! yet he flies, nor yields
 To black despair. But one loose more, and all
 His wiles are vain. Hark! through yon village now
 The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
 And leafless elms return the joyous sounds.
 Through ev’ry homestall, and through ev’ry yard,
 His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies:

————— Th’ unerring hounds
 With peals of echoing vengeance close pursue.” SOMERVILLE.

Huntsman! at fault at last? How far did you bring the scent?—Have the hounds made their own cast?—Now you make yours. You see that sheep-dog has been coursing the fox: get forward with your hounds, and make a wide cast.

Hark! that halloo is indeed a lucky one. If we can hold him on, we may yet recover him; for a fox so much distressed must stop at last. We now shall see if they will hunt as well as run; for there is but little scent, and the impending cloud still makes that little less. How they enjoy the scent! See how busy they all are, and how each in his turn prevails.

Huntsman, be quiet! Whilst the scent was good, you pressed on your hounds: it was well done. Your hounds were afterwards at fault; you made your cast with judgment, and lost no time. You now must let them hunt: with such a cold scent as this you can do no good.—They must do it all themselves.—Lift them now, and not a hound will stoop again.—Ha! a high road, at such a time as this, when the tenderest-nosed hound can hardly own the scent!—Another fault! That man at work, then, has headed back the fox.—Huntsman! cast not your hounds now; you see they have overrun the scent: have a little patience, and let them, for once, try back.

We now must give them time.—See where they bend towards yonder furze brake! I wish he may have stopped there! Mind that old hound how he dashes over the furze; I think he winds him!—Now for a fresh *entapis*!—Hark! they halloo!—Ay, there he goes!

It is near over with him: had the hounds caught view, he must have died. He will hardly reach the cover. See how they gain upon him at every stroke! It is an admirable race! yet the cover saves him.

Now be quiet, and he cannot escape us: we have the wind of the hounds, and cannot be better placed. How short he runs!—he is now in the very strongest part of the cover.—What a crash! every hound is in, and every hound is running for him. That was a quick turn! Again another!—he's put to his last shifts. Now *Mischief* is at his heels, and death is not far off. Ha! they all stop at once: all silent, and yet no earth is open. Listen!—now they are at him again! Did you hear that hound catch view? They had over-run the scent, and the fox had lain down behind them. Now, Reynard, look to yourself! How quick they all give their tongues!—Little *Dread-nought*, how he works him! How close *Vengeance* pursues! how terribly she presses! It is just up with him!—Gods! what a crash they make! the whole wood resounds! That turn was very short!—There!—now—ay, now they have him!—Who-hoop!





PORTRAIT OF TOM THUMB, THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN HORSE,
In the act of performing his Match of One Hundred miles, on Monday, the 2d of February, 1829, over five miles on Sunbury Common.

F. Butler.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

(From an English paper.)

TOM THUMB'S CELEBRATED TROTTING MATCH,

Of one hundred miles, performed on the 2d of February, 1829, over five miles on Sunbury Common, England.

In our last, we gave the accurate details of this interesting and unprecedented match, which was performed in ten hours and seven minutes. The horse, which is called **Tom Thumb**, had earned great fame in America previous to coming to this country, and won all his matches, with the exception of one, which, from foul play, he was run off the course, and another, in which he was opposed by a runner and not a trotter. His height is fourteen hands two inches, and his appearance, when standing still, rough and uncouth. From his birth, in fact, he has never been shorn of a hair. He is a remarkably hardy animal, and receives none of those delicate attentions in the stable to which great performers in this country are accustomed. He feeds well, is free from all vice, and as playful and good-tempered as a lamb; his age is 11 years, and he has never had a day's illness. At full speed, his action is particularly beautiful—he throws his fore legs well out, and brings up his hind-quarters in good style; he trots square, though rather wide behind, and low. It will be seen from the sketch, that he is driven without a bearing rein, and simply with a snaffle bit and martingale. He pulls extremely hard—his head being, in consequence, well up, and close to his neck, and his mouth wide open. He evidently does his work with great ease to himself; and at 11 miles an hour, seems to be merely playing, while the horses accompanying him labour hard. The reins are only precisely the length necessary to give the driver a full purchase—as, from the hardness of his mouth, every aid is necessary to restrain his speed. Mr. William Haggerty, the groom by whom he was driven, is an American by birth, and was brought up in the family of the proprietor; he is twenty-two years of age, weighing, in his clothes, rather more than ten stone, (140 lbs.) The horse had been under his care for some years, and recognises him with the sagacity which usually belongs to these noble animals. Haggerty was evidently fully apprized of the powers of the horse, and husbanded them with a degree of discretion and judgment highly creditable to his experience; and notwithstanding the distance he drove, in one of the coldest days we have had during the winter, he never once flagged, and, after the task was performed, never quitted his horse till he was well groomed, clothed, and in the enjoyment of a hearty meal, having first partaken, with a good appetite, of half a pail of gruel; on leaving the stable, the little animal was as full of play as if he had but just risen from his night's rest. The whole time allowed for refreshment and rest during the journey, amounted to but thirty-seven minutes, and this included taking out and putting to, taking off and putting on the harness, feeding, rubbing down, and stalling. The day before, and the day after the start, the horse walked full twenty miles, and is now in good condition. The groom drove in a common frock coat, and in the ordinary costume in which he does his daily business. A common riding-whip was provided, which remained in the whip-case the whole day without once being used. A slight kick on the hind-quarters was, in fact, sufficient to increase speed when necessary. As a proof of the good temper of the horse, it is sufficient to state, that his tail almost rested on the foot-board throughout the journey. We have already stated, that great praise is due to Mr. Harry England and Mr. F. Smith, for their attention to the horse throughout the match.

The **MATCH-CART** is one of the lightest and best constructed we have ever seen. Its weight is 108 lbs.—the shafts are of American ash, and, from the hind to the fore part, are nine feet four inches in length—and the axle, which is of well-tempered iron, is strong, and four feet from lynch-pin to lynch-pin. The wheels are five feet in diameter—light, and beautifully made. The seat is supported by thin iron rods, and rests upon two iron bows, but without a spring. The frame of the seat is covered with leather, and there is also a leather cushion. From the length of Haggerty's legs, and the shallowness of the foot-board, he was obliged to place his feet on the cross spar, close to the horse's quarters, which presented him in rather an awkward form to the spectators. The machine was built at Newark, in the Jerseys, near New York, by a maker celebrated for building this description of vehicle. The harness was old, and as inelegant in appearance as the horse, and by no means light; in fact there was as little of the *dandy* in the *set-out* as well could be imagined upon so interesting a match. Use, and not ornament, was consulted, and he has done all his matches in the same harness.

(From a London paper of Sept. 5, 1829.)

TROTTING.—The celebrated American horse Tom Thumb, who trotted One Hundred miles in harness in little more than ten hours, over Sunbury Common, some time back, performed a task on Monday scarcely less surprising, and certainly unprecedented in the annals of trotting in this country. Shortly before Mr. Jackson quitted this country, he sold Tom Thumb to Mr. Osbaldestone. Some time since Mr. O. proposed backing a horse, *bona fide* his own property, to trot sixteen miles in harness within the hour, and to be himself the driver. This challenge was immediately accepted by a gentleman high on the turf, who betted five hundred to four against the performance, which had never yet been accomplished by any horse in this country. Mr. O. further offered to take four to one that, with the same horse and on the same day, he trotted sixteen and a half miles within the hour—a match which was also made by another gentleman, who backed time to a large figure. Tom Thumb was selected to perform the task, and on Monday it took place. The ground chosen was eight miles and a half on the Trumpton-road, towards Royston, and to return to within half a mile of the starting post. Tom Thumb took his daily exercise over the ground, so that he became perfectly familiar with the road. Shortly after 12 o'clock, Tom Thumb was driven on the ground by Mr. Osbaldestone, in the same match cart in which he did the former match of one hundred miles. His coat was sleek and glossy; his mane, fetlocks, and tail neatly trimmed; and his blood like points all prominently and beautifully developed. At the given signal away he went, and nothing could be more easy and graceful than his pace. To a casual observer he seemed to be doing nothing extraordinary, but when you looked round and saw every horse in his train in full gallop, no doubt could be entertained that he was getting over the ground at a winning pace. The first eight miles and a half were performed in thirty minutes and two seconds. He was now in the highest spirits, and full of play, and his master having encouraged him with a few words, he increased the rapidity of his movements, put his followers still more upon their mettle, and by the stop-watches at the end of the sixteen miles, had just five minutes to spare, thus doing the first part of the match in fifty-five minutes, and having five minutes to do the remaining half mile. It was in vain, however, that his spirited driver endeavoured to slacken his pace—he pulled away like a trump, and closed his labours; accomplishing the full sixteen miles and a half in three minutes and a quarter under the time stipulated. Throughout, the animal never broke from his trot—never made a false step, or required the slightest punishment.

The conclusion of the match was hailed with loud cheers, and the best judges who witnessed the incredible speed of this little animal, (for he is scarce more than fourteen hands high) expressed their unqualified astonishment at his powers. It was calculated he accomplished two of the miles on his way home in but a few seconds over the five minutes. On going back to his stall he was well groomed, ate a hearty meal, and there is no doubt could have accomplished the same task over again on the same afternoon.

HUNTING PARK TROTTING COURSE—PERFORMANCES.

MR. EDITOR:

Philadelphia, October 26, 1830.

Agreeably to your request I give you an account of our fall trotting. Wednesday, the 20th, and Thursday, the 21st inst. was the time appointed; but owing to the heavy rain on Wednesday, it was postponed until Friday and Saturday last. On Friday, the 21st inst. the following named horses appeared on the course, with their riders handsomely dressed, and started to trot for the Hunting Park Association purse of \$200—two miles and repeat. This trot was confined exclusively to Pennsylvania horses.

Bull Calf, a b. h. entered by Mr. Vanderbelt—rode by Mr. Vanderbelt.

Buster, a g. h. entered by Mr. Williamson—rode by Mr. Williamson.

Top Gallant, a b. h. entered by Mr. Burr—rode by Mr. Woodruff.

Sweet Brier, a r. h. entered by Mr. Bechlet—rode by Mr. Clintock.

When Bull Calf succeeded in winning the two first heats, distancing Buster the second heat, and performing his first mile in the first heat in 2 m. 37 s. with ease; his rider being so far a head as to look back for some considerable distance.

Time of trotting, 1st heat, 5 m. 22 s.—2d heat, 5 m. 21 s.

Saturday, the 23d October, being the second or last day fixed upon, free for any horse, mare, or gelding, (the winning horse only excepted) to trot for the Association purse of \$300—three miles and repeat; when the following named horses were entered, and started at 12 o'clock, (noon.)

Sir Peter (N. Y. h.) entered by Mr. Owens—rode by Mr. Vanderbelt.

Comet (N. Y. h.) entered by Mr. Clintock—rode by Mr. Clintock.

Top Gallant (Phila. h.) entered by Mr. Burr—rode by Mr. Woodruff.

Jerry, or Clark Colt, (N. Y. h.) entered by Mr. Howard—rode by Mr. Howard 1st, 2d, and 3d heats; by Mr. Spicer 4th heat.

Whalebone (Penn. h.) entered by Mr. Cardwell—rode by Mr. Tolbert 1st and 2d heats; by Mr. Clintock 3d and 4th heats.

When Whalebone succeeded in winning the purse, after a very hard contest, having to trot four heats. Comet winning the first heat with ease, and distancing Sir Peter. Jerry winning the second heat, and the owners of Comet believing him not to be in condition, withdrew him after the second heat. Whalebone then succeeded in winning the third heat, distancing Top Gallant, without any disparagement to that old horse, considering he had a very hard trot the day previous with the Bull Calf, and was also a lame horse; Whalebone also winning the fourth heat, distancing Jerry. This was one of the most interesting trots ever seen upon this course, although the time was considered very inferior to what has been done upon the same course, (the course was never in better order.) Whalebone and Jerry were side by side nearly throughout the third and fourth heats.

Time of Comet's trotting, 1st heat, - - - - - 8 m. 26 s.

Time of Jerry's trotting, 2d heat, - - - - - 8 m. 27 s.

Time of Whalebone's trotting, 3d heat, - - - - - 8 m. 41 s.

Time of Whalebone's trotting, 4th heat, - - - - - 8 m. 56 s.

Yours, very respectfully, S. D. S.

THE GREAT WALK AT PHILADELPHIA.

A considerable degree of interest has been excited in Philadelphia, by a man undertaking to walk a thousand miles in eighteen days, for a bet of \$1000. The performance of this task was commenced by Joshua Newsam, a Yorkshireman, on Thursday, the 30th of September, in the grounds belonging to the Labyrinth Garden, in Arch street, west of Broad. The garden is kept by Thomas Smith, also an Englishman, who, having been a great sporting character at home, took this opportunity to revive one of the manly exercises of England. Smith had seen much genuine enjoyment in various places; was a body servant to Sir Robert Wilson, accompanied him on his adventurous and sometimes dangerous expeditions in Europe, and had shared with him the rich luxuries of metropolitan amusements. Among other things, he related to me his recollections of Captain Barclay's celebrated walk of a thousand miles in as many hours, which he had witnessed. He stated one or two facts in connection with that performance, which I do not remember to have seen in print; namely, that so overpowering was the drowsiness which affected Barclay during the last days of his walk, that he could be kept awake only by sticking needles into him, and by firing pistols close to his ears. His legs also swelled prodigiously.

I will now give the result of Newsam's performance during each of the eighteen days.

| | | | |
|-------------------------|------------------|--------------------------|------------------|
| 1. Thursday, | 49 miles. | 10. Monday, | 70 miles. |
| 2. Friday, | 46 | 11. Tuesday, | 66 |
| 3. Saturday, | 63 | 12. Wednesday, | 49 |
| 4. Monday, | 59 | 13. Thursday, | 62 |
| 5. Tuesday, | 59 | 14. Friday, | 61 |
| 6. Wednesday, | 59 | 15. Saturday, | 66 |
| 7. Thursday, | 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 16. Monday, | 60 |
| 8. Friday, | 57 | 17. Tuesday, | 40 |
| 9. Saturday, | 30 | 18. Wednesday, | 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ |

1000 miles.

Newsam is a small, light built man, rather thin than otherwise, and wore a common roundabout jacket, light nankeen pantaloons, woollen stockings, with a pair of common buckskin lace boots, not made to perform this walk in, but such as he had worn during the preceding summer. He walked over a smooth, but not soft path, six lengths of which are equal to a mile. It was formed of earth, rolled hard with a heavy roller, without any gravel. His feet were sore for the first day or two only, after which they became comfortable to him. He moved on at a rate which surprised the crowds who thronged to visit him, carrying a small stick in his hand for the sake of company, as it was too short to use as a cane. He generally started at six in the morning, though on the tenth day, when he walked the astonishing distance of *seventy miles*, he walked two hours before daylight. This was done to make up for the bad work of the ninth day, during which he walked but thirty miles, in consequence of a heavy and continued rain. On that occasion he carried no umbrella, but walked in his wet clothes; and as one part of the path was so low as to form a reservoir for all the rain which fell in the garden, he walked at least ten miles in mud and water over his ankles. The succeeding day was also unfavourable, as the mud had dried away but little; yet he walked through all until he had completed seventy miles.

A sprain in the tendons of the leg, which Newsam received about the tenth day, afflicted him considerably for about a week. He complained much of the frequent *turns* he was obliged to make in a single mile—the

whole ground being in fact, full of angles; and to this he attributed the sprain in his leg. He said the ground should be as *straight* as possible. As regards the *training* previous to commencing this walk, he had but little, not more than a week; and it consisted in simply practising himself in long walks. His *diet*, however, was peculiar. It consisted of two or three par-boiled eggs, taken the first thing in the morning; breakfast of oatmeal gruel and eggs, with dinner and supper of beef steaks cooked very rare. He drank but small quantities of strong liquors.

The sprain in the ankle affected his spirits considerably, and occasioned a hitch in his gait which made it painful to witness his efforts to get along. He did not complain of being fatigued after the first three or four days, and enjoyed as good health during the whole time as at any period of his life, though the loss in flesh which he sustained amounted to fifteen pounds. His legs were carefully bathed and rubbed every night with warm whiskey—an excellent remedy in all cases where pains and aches occur in the legs or arms, especially after exposure in cold wet weather.

Newsam is about twenty-seven years of age, and until now, has never performed any remarkable pedestrian feat, except indeed, that he once walked 66 miles a day for six days in succession, for a purse of fifty guineas, and won. On the eighteenth day of his late walk, he completed his task about six in the afternoon, having performed the whole in good time; though there is no doubt he would have come in a full day ahead, had the weather been favourable the whole time. Crowds of persons went out to see the *coming in*, among whom were hundreds of ladies; and when the task was announced as done, three hearty cheers were given to the hero. One thing, however, struck me as suspicious—Newsam was to receive \$500, of the bet, win who might; yet he was unable to tell the names of those who made the bet! Very few bets, if any, were made upon the walk; and a report which crept into print, that a wager of \$10,000, was to be decided by another walk, was probably premature, as nothing has since been heard of it. M.

Philadelphia, Oct, 25th.

ARIEL.—The Poughkeepsie, (N. Y.) Telegraph states, that an interesting scene took place after the late races at that place, when the veteran Ariel was led on the course for the last time, her liberal owner having determined to withdraw her from the turf. She appeared the picture, the *beau ideal* of a race horse, and hundreds of sportsmen and amateurs thronged around her, to take a parting look at an old and deserved favourite. When stripped and saddled by her trainer, she exhibited all the fire of youth, with the vigor of maturity, manifesting the most animated impatience, till a lad mounted and galloped her around the course, for the gratification of the admiring crowd. She brushed up the last quarter with that inimitable, fairy stride, which we have so often viewed with delight—then taking leave of the arena of her triumphs, she went leisurely into a retirement, from which no friend could wish to recall her, covered with imperishable laurels—the prize of many a hard fought field.

KATE KEARNEY AND POLLY HOPKINS.—The Richmond Compiler says, we understand, that the celebrated runners, Kate Kearney and Polly Hopkins, have been sold by a gentleman of this city for \$4,675, to a gentleman of the north, for the Long Island course. Their loss to our turf will be a cause of much regret to the southern sportsmen.

The MATCH RACE between Goliah, by American Eclipse, and Bonnets of Blue, by Sir Charles, for five thousand dollars a side, half forfeit, is closed; to be run over the Union course, (Long Island,) on the second Tuesday of May next.

RACING CALENDAR.

BARNWELL (S. C.) JOCKEY CLUB.

The races on the Barnwell Course have been re-established under the rules and regulations of the Charleston turf, and commencing on the second Wednesday of February, 1830, and to be continued for a term of five years; first day, three mile heats; second day, two mile heats; third day, mile heats; handicap, best three in five. Free only for horses raised or foaled in the district.

OFFICERS.

Dr. J. S. BELLINGER, *President.*

Col. O. D. ALLEN, *Vice-President.*

B. H. BROWN, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

First day, Col. O. D. Allen's chestnut horse Gallatin, 6 years old, by old Gallatin, won the three mile heats, beating E. W. Harrison's horse Honest Robin, by Whip, and John Hankersar's horse John, by Gallatin.

Second day, E. W. Harrison's chestnut filly, Clara Fisher, 2 years old, by Reliance, won the two mile heats, beating Col. O. D. Allen's bay horse Selim, 4 years old, by Bedford, and Mr. Bonsal's chestnut horse Florizel, 5 years old, by Gallatin.

Third day, E. W. Harrison's bay horse Honest Robin, won the mile heats, best three in five, beating Col. Allen's horse Selim, and Mr. Anderson's chestnut mare Nancy Nickerson, 4 years old.

GLOUCESTER (Va.) RACES.

The races over the Campfield Course, fall 1830, commenced on the 15th day of September.

First day, a sweepstake for colts and fillies, mile heats, \$50 entrance. Entries, James S. Garrison's b. f. Polly Pipkin, sired by Hal, out of an Archy mare, George Hokins's g. c. Sir Harry, sired by Jubilee, out of a Sir Harry mare.

Mr. Garrison's filly distanced the field with great ease in 1 min. 56 sec.

Second day, a sweepstake for colts and fillies, two mile heats; entrance \$100. Subscribers, James S. Garrison's b. f. Morgianna, by Archy, out of a Hal mare, William H. Minge's c. f. J. C. by Archy, out of a Francisco mare. There were two other entries, who forfeited.

| | | |
|----------------------|---|---|
| Morgianna, - - - - - | 1 | 1 |
| J. C. - - - - - | 2 | 2 |

Time, 1st heat, 3 m. 59 s.—2d heat, 3 m. 57 s.

Third day, jockey club purse, \$300—three mile heats; entrance \$20. Entries, William H. Minge's b. h. Mayday, 4 years old, by Archy, out of a Hornet mare, James S. Garrison's c. f. Gabriella, 4 years old, by Archy, out of a Belle-air mare.

| | | | |
|----------------------|---|---|---|
| Mayday, - - - - - | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Gabriella, - - - - - | 1 | 2 | 2 |

Time, 1st heat, 5 m. 55 s.—2d heat, 6 m.—3d heat, 6 m. 25 s.

Fourth day, proprietor's purse, mile heats: Entries—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| James S. Garrison's b. f. Polly Pipkin, - - - - - | 1 | 1 |
|---|---|---|

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| T. Cary's b. h. B. B. by Archy, - - - - - | 2 | 2 |
|---|---|---|

Won by Polly Pipkin with great ease.

MANN PAGE, *Sec'y.* P. R. NELSON, *Pres't.*

P. S. This club at their last meeting resolved, that no more members will be received for a less subscription than \$20, payable half yearly.

M. P. *Sec'y.*

LIBERTY, BEDFORD CO. (Va.) RACES.

(Commenced 21st Sept. 1830—Course 150 yards short of a mile.)

First day's race, twice round the course; purse \$200 and entries; four horses entered, viz: Thomas Doswell's bay gelding, *Bayard*, 4 years old, by *Carolinian*; John P. White's bay horse, *Restless*, 4 years old, by *Virginian*; William Terry's bay gelding, *Larro*, 4 years old, by *Lawrence*; Wm. M. West's grey horse, *Wyamba*, 4 years old, by *Sir Archy*; race won by *Bayard*, at two heats. Time, 1st heat, 3 m. 30 s.—2d heat, 3 m. 32 s.

Second day's race, three times round the course; purse \$400 and entries; three horses entered, viz: John P. White's chestnut horse, *Collier*, 4 years old, by *Sir Charles*; Thomas Doswell's bay mare, *Sally Hornet*, 4 years old, by *Sir Charles*; Wm. M. West's chestnut gelding, *Wewhock*, 6 years old, by *Shawnee*; race won by *Collier*, at two heats—both well contested.

Time, 1st heat, 5 m. 19 s.—2d heat, 5 m. 18 s.

Third day's race, mile heats, best three in five; purse \$150 and entries; four horses entered, viz: Wm. Garth's bay mare, *Morgianna*, 5 years old, by *Kosciusco*; John P. White's bay horse, *Restless*, 4 years old, by *Virginian*; Thomas Doswell's chestnut gelding, *Tommy Tompkins*, aged; Wm. M. West's grey horse, *Wyamba*, 4 years old, by *Sir Archy*; first heat won by *Restless*, in 1 m. 45 s.—second heat won by *Morgianna*, in 1 m. 56 s.—third heat won by *Morgianna*, in 1 m. 53 s.—fourth heat won by *Morgianna*, in 1 m. 58 s.

Fourth day, a match race, two mile heats; purse \$200; Wm. Terry's chestnut horse, *Washington*, 3 years old, by *Washington*; Samuel Ritchey's chestnut horse, *Napoleon*, 3 years old, by *Washington*; race won by Wm. Terry's horse, at two heats. The course very deep and heavy, owing to a heavy fall of rain during the day.

JOHN N. ANDERSON,
Sec'y *Liberty Jockey Club*.

[If the members of this and other jockey clubs, would reflect how much inconvenience there is in not having the course *exactly a mile*, they would assuredly take measures to rectify it. Who can take the time to calculate in every case, for instance, if a horse can run 150 yards short of a mile in such a time, how long would it take him to run a mile? It is not possible to have all courses over precisely the same sort of soil, and sometimes the weather makes a great difference, but the *distance* is a thing that can and ought to be controlled—all should be the same, and then one race and one horse is easily compared with another.—We hope the matter will be deemed worthy of particular attention by all clubs.]

MANSION HOUSE RACES.

MR. EDITOR:

Cecil county, Md. Sept. 21, 1830.

I offer to you a statement of the Mansion house races, over, (and without any exception,) the very best course which I ever saw.

F.

First day, (Sept. 21st,) a sweepstake, \$30 each, half forfeit, for colts and fillies, by the Jones Arabian, one mile heats, was run for by

Mr. Wm. Palmers's ch. filly, Sweet Briar, three years old, 1 1

Mr. John Wroth's b. c. Dolphin, four years old, - - - 2 2

Capt. Smith's colt, Grey Squirrel, paid; and

Mr. Ford was permitted, by consent, to withdraw.

Second day, (22d,) the purse of \$100, for all ages, two mile heats, was run for by

Col. Emory's bay gelding, Charles, four years old, got by an Artillerist colt, - - - - - 1 1

Capt. Smith's gr. c. Grey Squirrel, by the Jones Arabian, 2 2

Third day, (23d,) the purse of \$200, for all ages, three mile heats, was run for by

Col. Emory's ch. mare, Betsy Wilson, four years old, by old Ratray, out of a mare got by Ogle's Oscar, - - - - - 1 1

Gen. Sewall's b. h. Sir Humphrey, aged, by Ridgley's Tuckahoe, out of a mare by Badger's Hickory, - - - - - 2 dr.

Fourth day, (24th,) the proprietor's purse of \$100, free for all horses and ages, mile heats, the best three in five, was run for by

Capt. Smith's br. gelding, Defiance, - - - - - 1 1 1

Col. Emory's bay gelding, Charley, - - - - - 2 2 dr.

Mr. Holding's ch. mare, Maid of the Mill, five years old, by Nabb's Oscar, - - - - - flew the course.

JOHN WRATH, Sec'y.

HILLSBOROUGH (N. C.) RACES.

The Hillsborough N. C. fall races for 1830, commenced on Monday the 27th Sept. and resulted as follows:

First day, sweepstakes for two year olds, mile heats, eight subscribers at \$50 each—two paid forfeit.

Edward Davis's (Dr. Cave's) ch. f. Martha Brown, by Eclipse, 1 1

W. H. Philips's b. c. Sir Hancock, by North Carolina, - - 3 2

J. Ray's b. c. Sir Henry, by Sir Archy, - - - - - 2 3

W. Chamber's Doceny Seldon, by Irishman, - - - - - 4 dist.

Time, 1st heat, 1 m. 57 s.—2d heat, 2 m. 1 s.

Second day, sweepstakes for three year olds, mile heats, four subscribers, at \$50 each.

Edward Davis's bl. c. Snake, by Sir Archy, - - - - - 1 1

J. Hammond's Score Double, by Selection, - - - - - 2 2

J. Peeler's Marion, by Irishman, - - - - - 3 dist.

J. Ray's f. Polly Martin, by Archy, - - - - - 4 dist.

Time, 1st heat, 1 m. 59 s.—2d heat 1 m. 57 s.

Third day, jockey club purse, \$350, three mile heats.

P. Mitchell's c. c. McDuff, by Washington, four years old, 1 1

J. J. Harrison's b. m. Betsey Redd, by Muckle John, five years old, - - - - - 2 2

J. Turner's g. m. Isabel, (Eliza Splotch,) by Sir Archy, five years old, - - - - - 3 3

M. Ligon's c. m. Betsey Pane, by Sir William, - - - - - 4 4

Dr. Whitlock's h. Sam Patch, by Florizel, - - - - - dist.

Time, 1st heat, 6 m. 1 s.—2d heat, 5 m. 53 s.

Fourth day, the proprietor's purse, \$200, two mile heats.

J. Turner's c. m. Polly Kennedy, by Napoleon, - - - - - 2 1 1

Dr. Whitlock's h. Wabash, by Sir William, - - - - - 4 2 2

P. Mitchell's c. c. Tom Brown, by Washington, four years old, - - - - - 3 3 3

J. J. Harrison's c. m. Catharine Warren, by Virginian, 1 bolted.

M. Ligon's c. h. Sir Edward, by Sir William, - - - - - 5 dist.

Time, 1st heat 3 m. 46 s.—2d heat, 3 m. 54 s.—3d heat, 3 m. 59 s.

Fifth day, purse worth \$150, mile heats.

J. Turner's b. m. Susan Randolph, (Glass-Eye,) by Republican, five years old, - - - - - 2 1 1

Dr. Whitlock's b. h. Wide Awake, by Virginian, five years old, - - - - - 4 4 2

J. J. Harrison's b. m. Pandora, by Virginian, four years old, 1 3 3

Edward Davis's gr. h. Alexander, by —, — years old, 3 2 dist.

J. Gardein's c. g. by Timoleon, seven years old, - - - - - 5 5 dr.

Time, 1st heat, 1 m. 57 s.—2d heat, 1 m. 53 s.—3d heat, 1 m. 59 s.

FREDERICKTOWN (Md.) ASSOCIATION.

(Commenced September 29, 1830.)

First day, colt's purse, two mile heats.

| | | | | | | |
|--|---|---|---|---|---|-------|
| Mr. J. Godman's f. by Tickler, | - | - | - | - | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. Isaac Swearingen's f. by Ratler, | - | - | - | - | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. J. Cookerly's c. by Bussorah, | - | - | - | - | 3 | dist. |
| Time, 1st heat, 3 m. 59 s.—2d heat, 4 m. | | | | | | |

Second day's purse, three mile heats.

| | | | | | | |
|--|---|---|---|---|---|---------|
| Mr. J. Powder's c. g. by Tuckahoe, aged, | - | - | - | - | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. A. Baile's c. h. by Ratler, aged, | - | - | - | - | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. E. Cromwell's b. m. 4 years old, | - | - | - | - | 3 | dr. |
| Mr. Fraley's b. g. by Eagle, aged, | - | - | - | - | | bolted. |
| Col. McPherson's g. m. | - | - | - | - | 4 | 3 |

The race was well contested by Richard.

Third day, four mile heats.

| | | | | | | |
|--|---|---|---|---|---|-------|
| Mr. M. Potter's b. g. Bachelor, by Tuckahoe, aged, | - | - | - | - | 1 | 1 |
| Capt. Carlton's c. g. Ohio, 5 years old, | - | - | - | - | 2 | 2 |
| Maj. Thos. Duckett's c. m. by Ratler, 4 years old, | - | - | - | - | 3 | dist. |

'The field was attended by the most respectable of the neighbourhood, in consequence of their having put a stop to gaming on their course last year.

HALIFAX (Va.) RACES.

First day, (Oct. 5th,) for the proprietor's purse, \$200—two mile heats.

| | | | | | | |
|--|---|---|---|---|---|-------|
| John P. White's br. h. Restless, 4 years old, by Virginian; dam by Sir Harry, | - | - | - | - | 1 | 1 |
| W. M. West's b. m. (called Gee's mare) 4 years old, full sister to Marion, | - | - | - | - | 2 | 3 |
| John Baker's b. m. Polly Peachem, 4 years old, by John Richards; dam by Chance, | - | - | - | - | 3 | 2 |
| James Williamson's g. m. Rachel Foster, 4 years old, by Virginian; dam by Palafox, | - | - | - | - | | dist. |
| Alexander G. Allen's g. h. Quicksilver, 4 years old, by Quicksilver, out of Quicksilver, | - | - | - | - | | dist. |

Time, 1st heat, 3 min. 48½ s.—2d heat, 3 m. 51½ s.

The weather was fine, the course well attended, good sport—and not a single instance of confusion or disorder.

Second day, for the jockey club purse, \$400—three mile heats.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|-------|
| J. P. White's c. h. Collier, 4 years old, by Sir Charles; dam by Whip, | - | - | - | - | 1 | 1 |
| Col. Jeter's c. m. Lydia Foster, 4 years old, by Sir Charles; dam by Potomac, | - | - | - | - | 2 | dist. |
| W. M. West's ch. g. Wewhock, 6 years old, by Shawnee; dam by Gallatin, | - | - | - | - | 3 | dist. |

Time, 1st heat, 5 m. 56½ s.—2d heat, 5 m. 52½ s.

Third day, for handicap purse, \$160—mile heats, best three in five.

| | | | | | | |
|--|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Dr. Whitlock's h. Wabash, 5 years old, by Sir William; dam by Eagle, | - | - | - | - | 1 | 1 |
| W. M. West's Wewhock, | - | - | - | - | 2 | 2 |
| John Baker's c. h. by Sir Charles, | - | - | - | - | 3 | 3 |
| Time, 1st heat, 1 m. 56 s.—2d heat, 2 m. 2 s.—3d heat, 2 m. 2½ s. | | | | | | |

Rainy and a heavy course. Our course is 37 yards short of a mile.

JAMES YOUNG, Sec'y Halifax Va. Jockey Club.

DUTCHESS COUNTY (N. Y.) RACES.

The fall races over the Dutchess county course, commenced on Tuesday, October 5, and continued three days.

On the first day, a sweepstake for three year old colts and fillies, single two miles, fourteen subscribers, for \$300 each, \$100 forfeit, was run for by Mr. W. Livingston's c. c. Goliah, by Eclipse, dam Miss Walton; Mr. R. L. Stevens's c. f. Celeste, by Henry, dam Cinderilla; Mr. J. C. Stevens's g. c. Diomed, by Henry, dam Maid of the Mill; Mr. T. Pearsoll's g. c. Talma, by Henry, dam Sports-Mistress; and Mr. H. Kelsey's g. c. Adam, by Duroc, dam by Hickory; the others paying forfeit; and won by Goliah.

| | | | | | | | |
|----------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Goliah, | - | - | - | - | - | - | 1 |
| Celeste, | - | - | - | - | - | - | 2 |
| Diomed, | - | - | - | - | - | - | 3 |
| Talma, | - | - | - | - | - | - | 4 |
| Adam, | - | - | - | - | - | - | 5 |

Time, 3 m. 50 sec.

The society's purse for \$200, two mile heats, was run for by Mr. J. C. Stockholm's c. h. American Star, by Duroc, eight years old; Mr. J. S. Snediker's g. h. Roman, by Roman, out of Ariel's dam, five years old; Mr. Bedell's b. m. Jeanette, by Eclipse, four years old; and Mr. Rudd's ch. h. Malton, by Revenge, dam a Light Infantry mare, six years old; and won by American Star.

| | | | | | | | |
|----------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| American Star, | - | - | - | - | 3 | 1 | 1 |
| Jeanette, | - | - | - | - | 2 | 3 | 2 |
| Roman, | - | - | - | - | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| Malton, | - | - | - | - | 0 | | |

Time, 1st heat, 3 m. 56 s.—2d heat, 3 m. 59 s.—3d heat, 4 m. 1 s.

Second day, the society's purse for \$100, one mile heats, for three years old colts and fillies, bred in the counties of Dutchess and Columbia, was run for by Mr. Hughson's c. f. Henrietta, by Flying Childers; Mr. Stockholm's b. f. Crazy Jane, by Drone; and Mr. Rudd's b. f. Mary Anne, by Drone; and won by Henrietta.

| | | | | | | | |
|-------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Henrietta, | - | - | - | - | - | 1 | 1 |
| Crazy Jane, | - | - | - | - | - | 3 | 2 |
| Mary Anne, | - | - | - | - | - | 2 | 0 |

Time, 1st heat, 1 m 53 s.—2d heat, 1 m. 58 sec.

The society's purse for \$300, three mile heats, was run for by Mr. T. Pearsoll's c. m. Medora, by Ratler, dam Sports-Mistress, four years old; Mr. Davison's c. h. Pelham, by Ratler, dam Cinderilla, four years old; Mr. Bush's c. h. Count Badger, by Eclipse, dam Arabella, four years old; Mr. Snediker's c. m. Angelina, by Eclipse, out of Ariel's dam, four years old; and Mr. Rudd's c. m. Chinchilla, by Revenge, out of a Duroc mare, five years old; and won by Medora.

| | | | | | | | |
|---------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Medora, | - | - | - | - | 4 | 1 | 1 |
| Pelham, | - | - | - | - | 1 | 2 | 2 |
| Count Badger, | - | - | - | - | 3 | 4 | 3 |
| Angelina, | - | - | - | - | 2 | 3 | 0 |
| Chinchilla, | - | - | - | - | 5 | 0 | |

Time, 1st heat, 5 m. 58 s.—2d heat, 5 m. 53 s.—3d heat, 5 m. 58 s.

Third day, the society's purse, for \$500, four mile heats, was run for by Mr. J. C. Stevens's bl. m. Black Maria, by Eclipse, dam Lady Lightfoot, four years old; Mr. J. H. Van Mater's c. h. Leopold, by Oscar, out of an Expedition mare, four years old; Mr. J. Buckley's c. m. Lady Hunter, by Duroc, dam Lady Richmond, by Eagle, six years old; and Mr. Spencer's ch. m. Lady Flirt, by Hickory, aged; and won by Black Maria.

| | | | | | | | |
|--------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Black Maria, | - | - | - | - | - | 1 | 1 |
| Leopold, | - | - | - | - | - | 3 | 2 |
| Lady Hunter, | - | - | - | - | - | 2 | 3 |
| Lady Flirt, | - | - | - | - | - | 0 | |

Time, 1st heat, 7 m. 53 s.—2d heat, 8 m. 5. sec.

After this race, Mr. H. Wilkes's celebrated g. m. Ariel, was exhibited on the track, for the last time, being now withdrawn from the turf.

MR. EDITOR:

Richmond, Oct. 8, 1830.

Agreeably to your request, with pleasure I send you a statement of the races which have just taken place at Broad Rock and Tree Hill, in Virginia.

I concur with you fully in the propriety of your suggestion, that all running horses should be designated by name, color, &c.; but, you will please to remember, that the Secretary can only furnish you such evidence as the records will permit; and that depends entirely upon the entries made by their respective owners. Such evidence, with the time of running at each respective course, I herewith send.

BROAD ROCK (Va.) RACES.

First day, sweepstake, mile heats, entrance \$50—half forfeit; 3 year olds:

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Th. Watson of Tree Hill, c. f. by Archy, | - | - | - | - | 1 | 1 |
| Benj. Moody g. c. by Archy, | - | - | - | - | 4 | 2 |
| Richard Adams's c. f. Elohamer, by Charles, | - | - | - | - | 3 | 3 |
| Th. D. Watson b. c. by Arab, | - | - | - | - | 2 | 4 |
| J. J. Harrison c. c. by Archy, | - | - | - | - | 5 | 5 |

Time, 1st heat, 1 m. 53 s.—2d heat, 1 m. 57 s.

Second day, proprietor's purse \$200—two mile heats:

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|-------|-------|
| Th. D. Watson, b. m. Polly Hopkins, by Virginian, 5 years old, | - | - | - | - | 1 | 1 |
| Wm. R. Johnson ch. h. Havoc, by Charles, 4 years old, | - | - | - | - | 2 | 3 |
| Th. Watson of Tree Hill, b. f. Maria West, by Marion, 3 years old, | - | - | - | - | 4 | 2 |
| J. M. Selden entered Temple's ch. h. Ampthill, by Charles, 4 years old, | - | - | - | - | 3 | dist. |
| Hector Davis b. m. Kitty Willis, by Handel, 6 years old, | - | - | - | - | dist. | |
| Time, 1st heat, 3 m. 59 s.—2d heat, 3 m. 52 s. | | | | | | |

Third day, jockey club purse, three mile heats, purse \$500.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Th. D. Watson b. m. Kate Kearney, by Archy, 5 years old, | 2 | 1 | 1 |
| Wm. R. Johnson entered Charlotte Temple, c. m. by Archy, 4 years old, | - | 1 | 2 |
| Th. Watson of Tree Hill, b. c. Malcolm, by Charles, 3 years old, | - | 3 | 3 |
| Time, 1st heat, 5 m. 52 s.—2d heat, 5 m. 52 s.—3d heat, 5 m. 54 s. | | | |

Fourth day, two mile heats, poststake, purse \$225.

| | | | |
|--|---|---|--------|
| Wm. R. Johnson b. m. Slender, by Charles, 5 years old, | 1 | 1 | |
| John C. Goode b. h. Cadmus, by Archy, 6 years old, | - | 4 | 2 |
| Th. Watson of Tree Hill, John Randolph's b. m. Camilla, by Roanoke, 5 years old, | - | 2 | drawn. |
| J. M. Selden Walthall's ch. colt, by Charles, 3 years old, | - | 3 | drawn. |
| Time, 1st heat, 3 m. 55 s.—2d heat, 3 m. 57 s. | | | |

By the Secretary to the Broad Rock Club.

TREE HILL (*Va.*) RACES.

(Commenced Tuesday, October 5, 1830.)

First day, sweepstake, two mile heats, entrance \$200—half forfeit; eight subscribers, two only started, (three years old:)

Wm. R. Johnson gr. f. Bonnets of Blue, out of Reality, by

Charles, - - - - - 1 1

J. M. Selden b. f. Frolick, by Charles, out of a Director mare, - - - - - 2 2

Time, 1st heat, 4 m. 17 s.—2d heat, 4 m.

Same day, two mile heats, for colts and fillies, 3 years old, four subscribers, three started, entrance \$200—half forfeit.

Th. Watson of Tree Hill, c. f. of Wilkerson, by Archy, - 1 1

J. M. Selden ch. c. Reap Hook, by Charles, - 2 2

Wm. L. White ch. c. out of Kitty Fisher, by Charles, - 3 drawn.

Time, 1st heat, 4 m. 5 s.—2d heat, 4 m. 7 s.

Second day, proprietor's purse, \$300—two mile heats.

J. M. Selden b. c. of Walthall's Mercury, by Charles, 3 years old, - - - - - 1 1

Wm. R. Johnson entered c. m. Charlotte Temple, by Archy, 4 years old, - 2 2

John Minge b. f. Eliza Reily, by Archy, 3 years old, - 2 3

John C. Goode ch. h. Tantalus, by Sir Henry, 4 years old, - 3 dist.

Richard Adams c. m. Pocahontas, by Charles, 4 years old, - dist.

Hector Davis b. g. John Hornet, by Sumpter, 4 years old, - dist.

Time, 1st heat, 3 m. 51 s.—2d heat, 3 m. 54 s.

This was a beautiful race—Mercury won the first heat by a little, and between Eliza and Charlotte a dead heat. The second heat was throughout closely contested by Charlotte.

Third day, jockey club purse, \$1,000—four mile heats.

Otway P. Hare entered b. m. Polly Hopkins, by Virginian, 5 years old, - - - - - 1 1

Wm. R. Johnson b. f. Virginia Taylor, by Archy, 3 years old, - 2 dist.

Th. Watson of Tree Hill, b. f. Maria West, by Marion, 3 years old, - 4 2

Wm. H. Minge b. h. Mayday, by Sir Archy, 4 years old, - 3 dist.

J. M. Selden, Temple's ch. h. Ampthill, by Charles, 4 years old, did not start.

Time, 1st heat, 8 m. 12 s.—2d heat, 8 m. 1 s.

This race was easily won by Polly Hopkins.

Fourth day's race, sweepstake, for 3 years old, mile heats, entrance \$50; run through a very hard rain and heavy track—one of the most interesting ever seen—six subscribers—five started—2d heat, dead heat between Minge and Selden, and closely contested by the other two.

Mr. Selden, Walthall's c. c. by Charles, - - - - - 1 1

Mr. Minge b. c. Jem, by Sir Charles. - - - - - 2 2

Mr. Moody gr. c. by Sir Archy, - - - - - 3 3

Mr. Branch b. c. by Arab, - - - - - 4 4

Mr. Finney and Mr. Heth entered Kitty Wood, by Arab, - dist.

By the Secretary to the Tree Hill Club.

I am requested to state by Mr. Selden, that in future there will be two meetings each spring and fall at Tree Hill.

TURF REGISTER.

Pedigrees of mares put to Gohanna the last season, by William D. Taylor, and Thomas Doswell, of Hanover county, Va.

HARDINIA BURNLEY, a bl. m. ten years old, by old Roebuck; her dam by old Bedford; her grandam by old Belle-air; her g. grandam by King's Kitty Fisher. She is for sale.

CONTRAST, a g. with black feet, four years old, by Sir Charles; her dam by Friday, who was by Independence, and he by Quicksilver, and he by old Medley; her grandam by Clymax, her g. grandam by old Bedford. She is for sale.

KITTY CLOVER, a ch. by Tom Flaxen: he by Tom Tough; her dam by the imported horse Hamilton; her grandam by Wildair. She is for sale.

ALICRKER, a g. was by old Sir Hal; her dam by Wonder; her g. dam by Belle-air; g. g. dam by old Medley; her g. g. g. dam was Col. Rufin's imported mare. She is sold, with a Tariff horse colt by her side, to a Mr. McPherson, of Maryland.

BUZZARD, ch. f. was by old Buzzard; her dam by old Diomed; her grandam by Boxer; her g. grandam by Handel; her g. g. grandam by Spanking Roger, out of the imported mare Polly Peachem. Sold to Mr. Dunbar, of Winchester, Va.

DOLLY PATMAN, a ch. by Sir Alfred: her dam by Tom Tough; her grandam by Kellis: he by Dandridge's Fearnought, and he by the old imported Fearnought. Also for sale.

MARTHA TURPIN, a b. by Shylock; her dam by Alfred, and she by Sans Culottes, and she by Diomed; she by old Bedford, and she by old Medley; she by Mark Anthony, and she by Rockingham, and she by Aristotle. Sold to Mr. Dunbar, of Winchester, Virginia.

VIRGINIA WINN, ch. by Sir Charles; her dam by Tom Tough; her grandam by the imported Hamilton; her g. grandam by Wildair; her g. g. grandam by Dandridge's Fearnought.

Sold to Lorenzo Lewis, and C. C. Steuart, with an Alfred mare colt by her side

BETSEY BLOSSOM, a dark b. with black legs, mane and tail; she was by Superior, and he by old Superior; her dam by Thornton's Wildair, out of a Dare Devil mare, and she out of a Belle-air, and she out of a Shark, and she out of a Fearnought, and she out of a mare by Moreton's Traveller. She is for sale.

BETSEY ANDREWS, a ch. in foal by Janus, five years old; she is by Sir Archy, out of a Jack Andrews mare. She is for sale.

KITTY DABNEY, a b. sixteen years old, by Tiller's Bedford: he by old Bedford; her dam by old Bedford; her grandam by Boxer; her g. grandam by Claudius; her g. g. grandam by Mexican; her g. g. g. grandam by Cripple; she is in foal by Andrew Stevenson's Diomed. Also for sale.

BETSEY WILKS, a b. five years old; she is by Sir Archy; her dam by Bedford; her grandam by Dare Devil; her g. grandam by Lamplighter; her g. g. grandam by Sym's Wildair; she in foal to Torpedo. For sale.

NORNA, a fine b. full fifteen hands three inches high; she by Director, who was full brother to Virginian, out of a Sir Harry mare; she out of a Bedford, she out of a Dare Devil, she out of a Wildair, she out of a Medley, and she out of a Ranter. Norna is now in foal by Monsieur Tonson. She had a Tariff colt that at one year old was fifteen hands high. She is for sale.

Mares sold by William D. Taylor.

SALLY BROWN, a g. with a Tariff colt by her side, to Mr. Jaquelin Smith, of Frederick county. She was by Buck Rabbit; her dam by the imported horse Knowsley; her grandam by old Belle-air.

LADY BUG, a b. sold to Dr. Gray, of Winchester; she was by young Florizel, and she out of a Jack An-

drews, and she out of a Driver, and she out of a Highflyer, and she out of a mare by Col. Richard Johnson's Ariel, and she out of one by Col. Gales's Careless, and she out of one by old Janus.

SALLY MORRIS, a b. sold to Messrs. Mason and Baldwin, of Winchester. She was by Superior, out of a Tom Tough; she out of a Bedford, she out of a Mexican, she out a Cripple, whose dam was imported.

MARIA FONTAINE, sold to Mr. Russell, of Berkeley county. She was by Superior, out of a Tom Tough; she out of Porto, she out of a Camden, and she out of a Brilliant.

BETSEY PEARSON, a ch. sold to Col. Braxton Davenport, of Jefferson county. She was by Tom Tough, and her dam by the imported horse Diomed.

Pedigrees of brood mares, owned by Lewis Hill, near Fredericksburg, Virginia.

—, chestnut mare, in foal by Gohanna, was got by Trafalgar; dam Rosalba, by Spread Eagle, out of Hoome's Alexandria. See T. R. Vol. 2, No. 2, p. 99. Trafalgar, by Mufti, out of Col. Tayloe's Calypso. Forsale.

ANASTASIA, b. m. was got by Tom Tough, dam by Americus; grandam by Boxer, which was bred by Ro. Page, Esq. of Broadneck. For pedigree and performance of Tom Tough, see *Turf Register*, Vol. 1, No. 2, pages 165, 575. For sale.

Alexandria, D. C. }

MR. EDITOR: Oct. 12, 1830. }

CEDAR, by Diomed, was foaled in England, in 1793; and run, unsuccessfully, by Sir Charles Bunbury, in October, 1796, at New Market, and

MR. EDITOR:

You will correct in your next number of the *Turf Register*, two or three errors, which occur in the publication of the Stud of the late Col. Mark Alexander, of Mecklenburg county, Virginia.

The first produce of Opossum and Thrasher, should be by P8s, instead of Pot8o's. Vol. 1, No. 12, page 621.

The first produce of Martha Jefferson, Cinderilla, should be by Shylock, instead of Spot. Page 622.

For Patona, read Potomac, page 621, No. 5 of Thrasher's produce.

Yours, most respectfully, M. ALEXANDER.

Enfield. I am not aware that Diomed had any other colt named Cedar, nor that the one above referred to was ever imported; and am, therefore, unable to communicate the information requested by your correspondent, J. C. L. I hope, however, the foregoing facts may not be unacceptable to him.

A SUBSCRIBER.

PEDIGREE OF SIR CHARLES.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in the South, who has taken infinite pains to collect, and possesses the most extensive information in regard to American bred horses.

"As it regards Sir Charles's, I can prove it [his pedigree] by a living witness as far back as Dare Devil—and after that by a letter, now in my possession, from the late Col. John Baylor, to the late Thomas Goode, Esq. deceased, who was empowered to purchase the Shark mare; that she was a Shark from a Fearnought, out of the Col's imported mare Jenny Dismal; and that she was in foal to Col. Hoomes's horse. He kept Cormorant and Dare Devil that year. I learn that Cormorant was unwell part of the season, and did not cover many mares, and supposed her sire to be, from that circumstance, Dare Devil."

YOUNG DIRECTOR covered near Churchill, in Abbeville district, S. C. at \$10. [No date, as usual, to the handbill.] He was by old Director, (of Virginia) and he by Sir Archy. His dam was Sappho. Director's dam Sappho, by Tartar; his grandam Sultana, by Spread Eagle; g. grandam by Percy; g. g. grandam by Buckskins, g. g. g. grandam by Hero; g. g. g. grandam by Brutus; g. g. g. g. grandam by Tarquin, &c.

Petersburg, Oct. 18, 1830.